

3 1761 07436984 4



PR  
3742  
S4  
1885

21/2



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2010 with funding from  
University of Toronto



SILEX SCINTILLANS.



# SILEX SCINTILLANS.

SACRED POEMS AND PRIVATE  
EJACULATIONS.

BY HENRY VAUGHAN

(SILURIST).

*Being a Facsimile of the First Edition,  
published in 1650,*

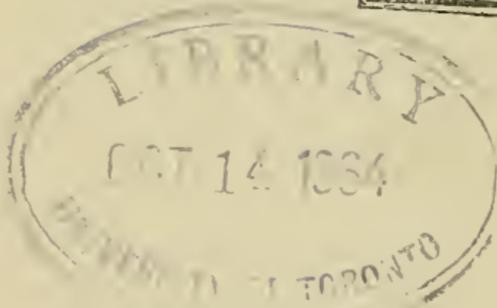
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

THE REV. WILLIAM CLARE, B.A. (ADFLAIDE).



LONDON:  
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.  
1885.

PR  
3742  
S4  
1885



934005

## Introduction.

*THE genesis of this little volume is soon told. The present writer, during a residence abroad of some ten years, having received in reply to all inquiries for a copy of Vaughan's Poems the uniform answer that they were "out of print," resolved that when he should visit England he would suggest to some publisher the desirability of reissuing the works of so true, but, as it seemed, so unappreciated a poet. Having in his possession a copy of the First Edition of the "Silex Scintillans," he felt that a facsimile of that volume would be an acceptable addition to Mr. Stock's series of facsimiles, the more so as in that series had been published "The Temple" of George Herbert. The needful arrangements having been made, the lovers of our Sacred Poetry may set side by side, and in their original forms, what is deepest and most sacred in the utterance of these kindred souls.*

*The following is believed to be a complete list*

list of the previous editions of the "*Silex Scintillans*."

1. *SILEX SCINTILLANS*; or, *Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*, by HENRY VAUGHAN, *Silurist*. London, printed by J. W. for H. Blunden, 1650.
2. *Silex Scintillans: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. The Second Edition. In two Books*, by Henry Vaughan, *Silurist*. London, printed by Henry Crips and Lodowick Lloyd, 1655.
3. *Silex Scintillans: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations of Henry Vaughan, with Memoir* by Rev. H. F. Lyte. London: Pickering, 1847.
4. *The Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations of Henry Vaughan, with a Memoir* by the Rev. H. F. Lyte. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1856.
5. *Silex Scintillans: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*, by Henry Vaughan. London: Bell and Daldy, 1858.
6. (*Fuller Worthies Library*.) *The Works in Verse and Prose Complete, of Henry Vaughan, Silurist. For the first time collected and edited, etc., by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, in four volumes. Printed for private circulation*, 1871.
7. *Silex Scintillans, etc.: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*, by Henry Vaughan, "*Silurist*," with a Memoir by the Rev. H. F. Lyte. London: George Bell and Sons, 1883.

Of the first of these it is not necessary to say anything, as the reader now holds an exact facsimile of it in his hand; the few occasional misprints being of course reproduced as accurately as any of the text.

The

The Edition of 1655, as is evident by comparison, consists of the unsold copies of that of 1650, with other poems added, entitled *Silex Scintillans*, Part 2. The pagination of the second part is quite independent of that of the first. The engraved frontispiece, which forms so striking a feature of the first edition, is not found in the second; but there is added an "Author's Preface," and an arrangement of Scripture texts setting forth the author's sickness, recovery, or at least his partial recovery, and suggesting that the volume of poems is his thankoffering. Two slight dedicatory poems complete the additions. The only alterations are in the poem on "Isaac's Marriage," where for the reading given in lines 11 and 12, page 20, we find—

*But being for a bride prayer was such  
A decryed course sure it prevail'd not much.*

In line 14 "dull" is read instead of "corse."  
Line 19 runs—

*When conscience by lewd use had not lost sense,  
and lines 5 and 6, page 21—*

*But in a Virgin's native blush and fears  
Fresh as those roses which the day spring wears.*

By a close comparison it is seen that the four pages 19-22 of the first edition have  
been

been removed, and replaced in the so-called second by four others, in which these alterations are made.

From this time a period of nearly two hundred years elapsed before another edition of *Vaughan* was given to the world, and it seems that in the meantime he was forgotten, except that here and there some stray copy may have fallen into hands that cherished it, as, for instance, to our lasting gain, into the hands of *Wordsworth*. Since the discovery that *Wordsworth* had in his scanty library a copy of the *Silex Scintillans*, well read and with notes in his own handwriting, it is no longer a matter of conjecture that his thought was largely influenced by that of *Vaughan*, or that the "Retreat" has provided, so to speak, the groundplan of the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." During the eighteenth century the genius of *Vaughan* lay buried like his own "Hidden Flower," but in the Ode of *Wordsworth* it lives again a glorified and assuredly an immortal life. The only thing to be regretted in connexion with *Wordsworth's* translation of the "Retreat" into his own larger utterance, is that he did not complete the work, by making the closing thought of the "Retreat" the closing thought also of the Ode. The abrupt suggestiveness

*suggestiveness of the former is to our mind more beautiful than the melancholy splendour, as of one of Turner's sunsets, of the latter. It is more beautiful and more satisfying to think with Vaughan that we may go back to God, as we came from Him, with the hearts of little children, that our latest days may be as our earliest, heaven round about us, our thoughts white and celestial, no longer looking back indeed to that glory whence we came, but forward to that glory whither we go; than with Wordsworth to find our rest*

*In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering,  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.*

Though some of our poet's thought thus found speech in Wordsworth, it was meet that his own voice should be heard again speaking in all things his true self. Welcome therefore was Mr. Lyte's edition of 1847, with its admirable biographical sketch. His book is practically a reprint of the editions of 1650-55, with some "Pious Thoughts and Ejaculations" from a volume entitled "Thalia Rediviva." The editing is not indeed perfect, but the errors are so few that there can be no other verdict upon  
the

the book than one of pure commendation and gratitude. Before us is a complete list of the variations between the text of this edition and that of 1650. The most noticeable are the titles which Mr. Lyte has supplied to the untitled poems. The misprints are corrected, but there are other alterations which are not improvements. For instance, In passing is substituted for passing on page 16, line 10, and Afar for Far, page 47, line 2, alterations which Mr. Lyte no doubt supposed to be required by the metre, but which do not show much ear for the music of the verse. Again, he gives us on page 56, line 26, "If not a very devill worse than beast," forgetting that with the old writers "devill," like "evil," may be a monosyllable, and that Vaughan wrote correctly, "If not a very devill worse than a beast." And on line 17 of the same page, he has inserted two syllables to make up the required number of feet. Then we have rills for drills, page 33, line 17; concert for confort, page 62, line 3, where Mr. Lyte's word may be a better one but is not Vaughan's; sentrie for centrie, page 47, line 3; and wind for winds, page 1, line 6, in deference to the rhyme. If these are some of the principal alterations,

alterations, it will be seen that Mr. Lyte's edition is fairly correct.

Of this the edition of Boston, 1856, and of London, 1858, are reproductions, except that in the latter we find the readings of 1655 in the poem on "Isaac's Marriage." Then followed, in 1868, in the Fuller Worthies Library, edited by Mr. Grosart, the only edition we have of Vaughan's complete Works in Prose and Verse. Mr. Grosart, it is hardly needful to say, has reproduced the author's text with the utmost care and fidelity, no alteration being made without the original reading being given in a footnote, together with some reasons for the change.

It only remains to notice Messrs. G. Bell & Son's Aldine Edition of 1883, by which Vaughan's title is at last recognised to a place in a standard collection of British poets. This is Mr. Lyte's text again, but corrected by the original. A few of Mr. Lyte's variations have been, however, allowed to remain, amongst which are rills for drills, concert for consort, and the unhappy *Afar* in the line "Far beyond the stars."

—It is a pity, too, that in reprinting with this edition Mr. Lyte's memoir, admirable as it is, the statement should be continued  
that

that Herbert was Vaughan's model in poetry, or that the "Silex Scintillans" was composed in imitation of the "Temple." The resemblances, so far as we can see, are these: Vaughan's "Son-days" is similar in style, though every way, as we think, superior to Herbert's "Sunday." In his "Disorder and Frailty" we find the final rhymes managed in a way that just reminds us of the "mend my rhyme" of the "Deniall," and in "REPENTANCE" we find Vaughan transferring to his own page some expressions from Herbert's "Aaron" (see page 21, lines 3, 4, and 8); but where in Herbert have we anything like two lines close by:

*I am the gourd of sin and sorrow,  
Growing o'ernight and gone to-morrow?*

Vaughan no doubt was indebted to Herbert for much in his character and inner life; but his genius as a poet was all his own, and one which kept him freer from the foibles of his time than was Herbert. He wrote poetry before, as well as after, the influence of Herbert became a power in his life; and though in the later poems the subjects are changed, yet the genius is the same.

For those who care to look up the literature of our subject, we may mention Mr.  
George

*George MacDonald's notice of Vaughan in his delightful little book, "England's Antiphon"; also a paper by Mr. J. R. Green, the first he is known to have published, in the first number of the "Druid," a Jesus College magazine, which is of value chiefly from the account which it gives of the condition of Jesus College, and of Oxford generally, during the stirring years of Vaughan's residence; if, indeed, its chief value be not rather as revealing one stage in the development of the genius and style of the historian.*

WILLIAM CLARE.

*London, 1885.*





Title page of 1654 ~~copy~~ is this  
is given in Gossart. 1.

Siles Scivimus:

Secund

Poems

and private

Ejaculations

The second Edition, in two Books

By Henry Vaughan, Silurist.

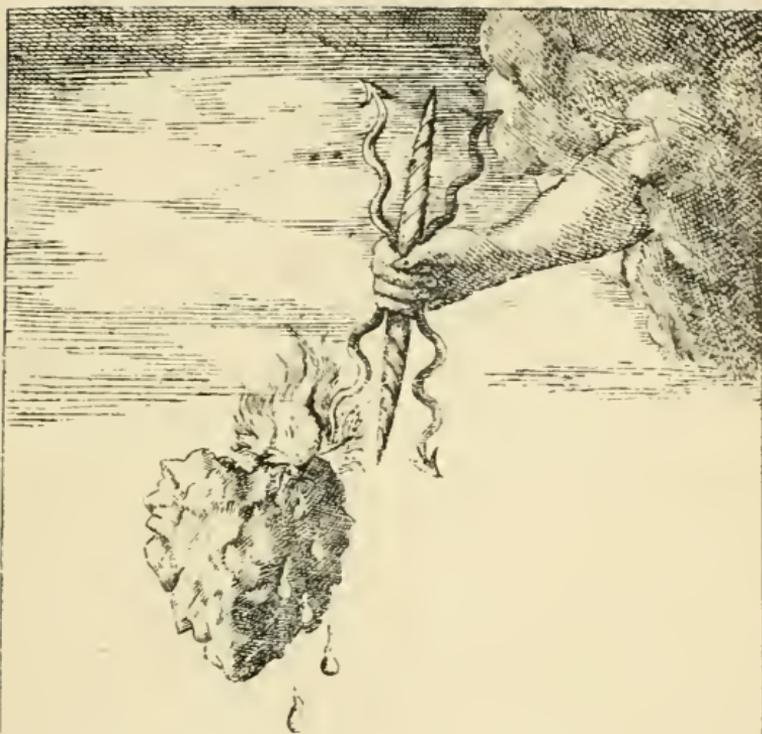
J.R. cl. 35, v. 10, 1.

Where is God my Maker, do you think  
He might?

Who thinketh us more than the bracke of the earth,  
Smacketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven?

[So q. in AV. in diff. (B. in  
production]

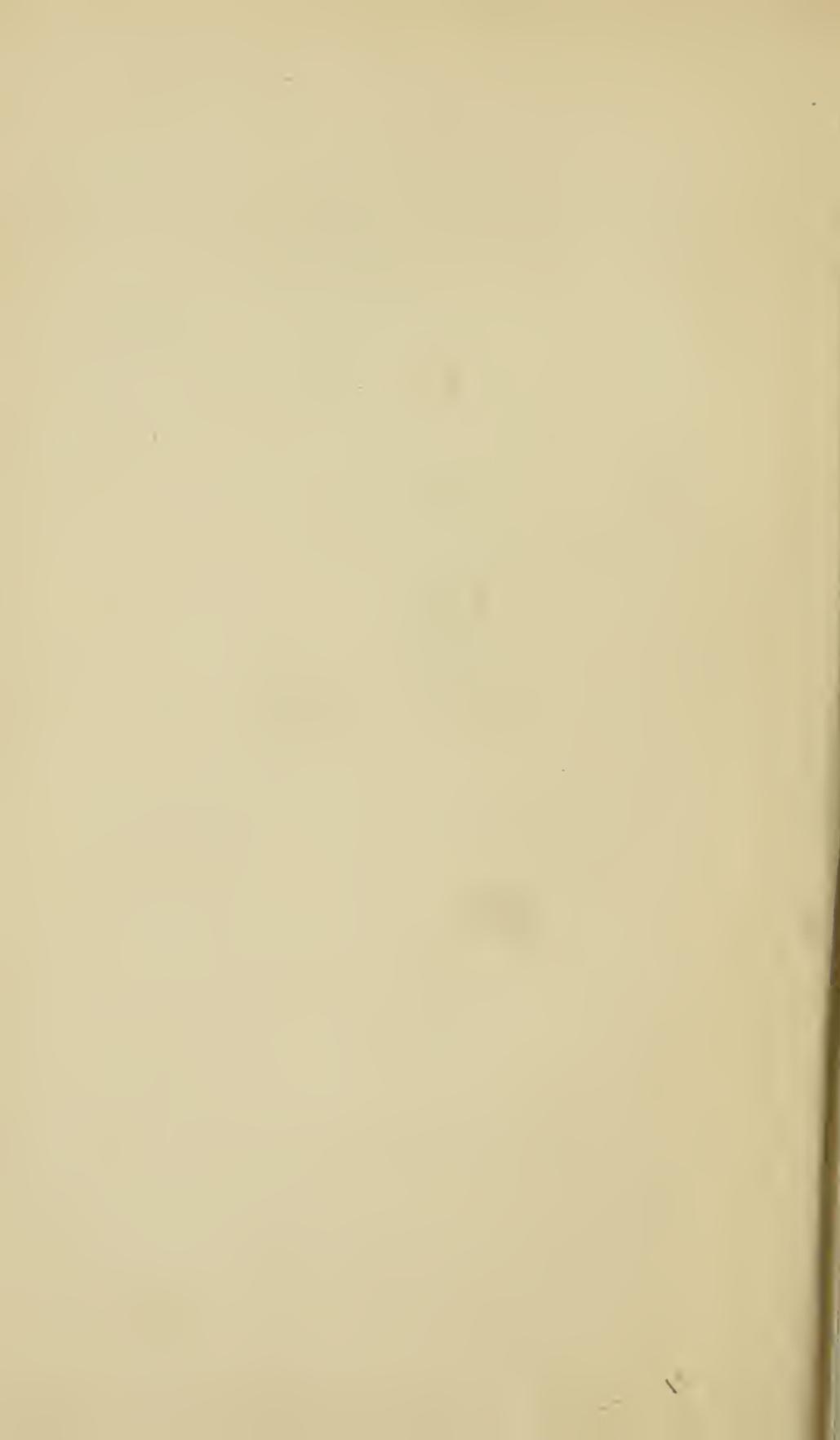
[Edition 387 given in B55 title page, but  
the date not given in B55 title page (see Gossart)]

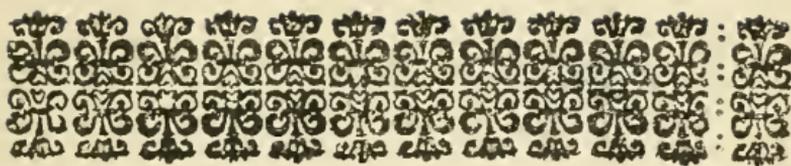


Silex Scintillans:

OR  
SACRED POEMS  
and  
Private Ejaculations  
By  
Henry Vaughan Silvest

LONDON Printed by T. W. for H. Blunden  
at J. Cushe in Cornhill . 1650





## The Dedication.

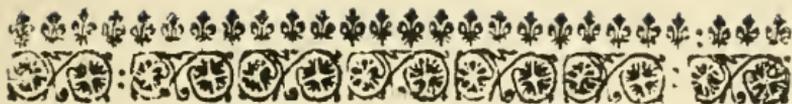
**M**Y God thou that didst dye for me,  
These thy deaths fruits I offer thee.  
Death that to me was life, and light  
But darke. and deep pangs to thy sight.

Some drops of thy all-quickning bloud  
Fell on my heart, these made it bud  
And put forth thus though, Lord, before  
The ground was curs'd, and void of store.

Indeed, I had some here to hire  
Which long resisted thy desire,  
That ston'd thy Servants and did move  
To have thee murther'd for thy Love.  
But. Lord, I have expell'd them, and so bent  
Begge thou wouldst take thy Tenants Rent.

---





## Silex Scintillans, &c.

### Regeneration.



Ward, and still in bonds, one day  
I stole abroad,  
It was high-spring, and all the way  
*Primros'd*, and hung with shade,  
Yet, was it frost within,  
And surly winds  
Blasted my infant buds, and sinne  
Like Clouds eclips'd my mind.

2.

Storm'd thus ; I straight perceiv'd my spring  
Meere stage, and snow,  
My waike a monstrous, mountain'd thing  
Rough-cast with Rocks, and snow  
And as a Pilgrims Eye  
Far from reliefe,  
Measures the melancholy skye  
Then drops, and rains for grieve,

3.

So sigh'd I upwards still, at last  
'Twixt steps, and falls  
I reach'd the pinnacle, where plac'd  
I found a paire of scales,  
I rooke them up and layd  
In th'one late paines,  
The other smoake, and pleasures weigh'd  
But prov'd the heavier graines ;

4.

With that, some cryed, *Away* ; straight I  
Obey'd, and led  
Full East, a faire, fresh field could spy  
Some call'd it, *Jacobs Bod* ;

A Virgin-soile, which no  
 Rude feet ere trod,  
 Where (since he stept there,) only go  
 Prophets, and friends of God.

5.

Here, I repos'd ; but scarce well set,  
 A grove descryed  
 Of stately height, whose branches met  
 And mixt on every side ;  
 I entred, and once in  
 (Amaz'd to see'r,)  
 Found all was chang'd, and a new spring  
 Did all my senses greet ;

6.

The unthrift Sunne shot vitall gold  
 A thousand peeces,  
 And heaven its azure did unfold  
 Checqu'd with snowie fleeces,  
 The aire was all in spice  
 And every bush  
 A garland wore ; Thus fed my Eyes  
 But all the Eare lay hush.

7.

Only a little Fountain lent  
 Some use for Eares,  
 And on the dumbe shades language spent  
 The Musick of her teares ;  
 I drew her neere, and found  
 The Cisterne full  
 Of divers stones, some bright, and round  
 Others ill-shap'd, and dull.

8.

The first (pray marke,) as quick as light  
 Danc'd through the fload,  
 But, th'last more heavy then the night  
 Nail'd to the Center stood,  
 I wonder'd much, but try'd  
 At last with thought,  
 My restless Eye that still desir'd  
 As strange an object brought ;

9.

It was a banke of flowers, where I descried  
 (Though 'twas mid-day,)  
 Some fast asleepe, others broad-eyed  
 And taking in the Ray,  
 Here musing long, I heard  
 A rushing wind  
 Which still increas'd, but whence it stirr'd  
 No where I could not find ;

10.

I turn'd me round, and to each shade  
 Dispatch'd an Eye,  
 To see, if any leafe had made  
 Least motion, or Reply,  
 But while I listning sought  
 My mind to ease  
 By knowing, where 'twas, or where not,  
 It whisper'd ; *where I please.*

Lord then said I, *On me one breath,  
 And let me dye before my death !*

Cant. Cap. 5. ver 17.

*Arise O North, and come thou South-wind, and blow  
 upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out*

## Death.

### *A Dialogue.*

*Soule.*

Tis a sad Land, that in one day  
 Hath dull'd thee thus, when death shall freeze  
 Thy bloud to Ice, and thou must stay  
 Tenant for Yeares, and Centuries,  
 How wilt thou brook't ? —

*Body*

*Body.* I cannot tell, —  
 But if all sence wings not with thee,  
 And something still be left the dead,  
 I'le wish my Curtaines off to free  
 Me from so darke, and sad a bed ;

A neast of nights, a gloomie sphere,  
 Where shadows thicken, and the Cloud  
 Sits on the Suns brow all the yeare,  
 And nothing moves without a shrowd ;

*Soule.* 'Tis so : But as thou sawest that night  
 Wee travell'd in, our first attempts  
 Were dull, and blind, but Custome'straight  
 Our feares, and falls brought to contempt,

Then, when the gasty *twelve* was past  
 We breath'd still for a blushing *East*,  
 And bad the lazie Sunne make hast,  
 And on sure hopes, though long, did feast ;

But when we saw the Clouds to crack  
 And in those Cranies light appear'd,  
 We thought the day then was not slack,  
 And pleas'd our selves with what wee feard ,

Just so it is in death But thou  
 Shalt in thy mothers bosome sleepe  
 Whilst I each minute grone to know  
 How neere Redemption creepes.

Then shall wee meet to mixe again, and met,  
 'Tis last good-night, our Sunne shall never set.

*Job Cap : 10 ver. 21. 22*

*Before I goe whenoe I shall not returne, even to the land of  
 darknesse, and the shadow of death*

*A Land of darknesse, as darknesse is felse, and of the sha-  
 dow of death, without any order, and where the light is as  
 darknesse*

Resurrection

Resurrection and  
Immortality :

*Heb. cap. 10. ve: 20.*

*By that new, and living way, which he hath prepared for us,  
through the veile, which is his flesh.*

*Body.*

r

OFT have I seen, when that renewing breath  
That binds, and loosens death  
Inspir'd a quickning power through the dead  
Creatures a bed,  
Some drowsie silk-worme creepe  
From that long sleepe  
And in weake, infant hummings chime, and kneil  
About her silent Cell  
Untill at last full with the vitall Ray  
She wing'd away,  
And proud with life, and sence,  
Heav'ns rich Expence,  
Esteem'd (vaine things! ) of two whole Elements  
As meane, and span-extents.  
Shall I then thinke such providence will be  
Lesse friend to me  
Or that he can endure to be uniuert?  
Who keeps his Covenant even with our duft

*Soule*

*Soule.*

2.

Poore, querulous handfull ! was't for this  
 I taught thee all that is ?  
 Unbowel'd nature, shew'd thee her recruits,  
 And Change of suits  
 And how of death we make  
 A meere mistake,  
 For no thing can to *Nothing* fall, but still  
 Incorporates by skill,  
 And then returns, and from the wombe of things  
 Such treasure brings  
 As *Phenix*-like renew'th  
 Both life, and youth ;  
 For a preserving spirit doth still passe  
 Untainted through this Masse,  
 Which doth resolve, produce, and ripen all  
 That to it fall,  
 Nor are those births which we  
 Thus suffering see  
 Destroy'd at all ; But when times restless wave  
 Their substance doth deprave  
 And the more noble *Essence* finds his house  
 Sickly, and loose,  
 He, ever young, doth wing  
 Unto that spring,  
 And *source* of spirits, where he takes his lot  
 Till time no more shall rot  
 His passive Cottage ; which (though laid aside,)  
 Like some spruce Bride,  
 Shall one day rise and cloath'd with shining light  
 All pure, and bright  
 Re-marry to the soule, for tis most plaine  
 Thou only fal'st to be refin'd againc.

3.

Then I that here saw darkly in a glasse  
 But mists, and shadows passe,

And

And, by their owne weak *Shine*, did search the Springs  
 And Course of things  
 Shall with Inlightned Rayes  
 Peirce all their wayes ;  
 And as thou saw'st, I in a thought could goe  
 To heav'n, or Earth below  
 To reade some *Starre*, or *Min'rall*, and in State  
 There often fate,  
 So shalt thou then with me  
 (Both wing'd, and free,)  
 Rove in that mighty, and eternall light  
 Where no rude shade, or night  
 Shall dare approach us ; we shall there no more  
 Watch stars, or pore  
 Through melancholly clouds, and say  
*would it were Day !*  
 One everlasting *Saboth* there shall runne  
 Without *Succession*, and without a *Sunne*.

Dan : Cap ; 12. ver ; 13.

*But goe thou thy way untill the end be, for thou shalt rest  
 and stand up in thy lot, at the end of the dayes.*

## Day of Judgement.

WHEN through the North a fire shall rush  
 And rowle into the East,  
 And like a fire torrent brush  
 And sweepe up *South*, and *west*,  
 When all shall streame, and lighten round  
 And with surprizing flames  
 Both stars, and Elements confound  
 And quite blot out their names,  
 When thou shalt spend thy sacred store  
 Of thunders in that heate  
 And low as ere they lay before  
 Thy six-dayes-buildings beate,

When

When like a scrowle the heavens shal passe  
 And vanish cleane away,  
 And nought must stand of that vast space  
 Which held up night, and day,

When one lowd blast shall rend the deepe,  
 And from the wombe of earth  
 Summon up all that are asleepe  
 Unto a second birth,

When thou shalt make the Clouds thy feate,  
 And in the open aire  
 The Quick, and dead, both small and great  
 Must to thy barre repaire ;

O then it wilbe all too late  
 To say, *what shall I doe ?*  
*Repentance* there is out of date  
 And so is *mercy* too ;

Prepare, prepare me then, O God !  
 And let me now begin  
 To feele my loving fathers *Rod*.  
 Killing the man of sinne !

Give me, O give me Crosses here,  
 Still more afflictions lend,  
 That pill, though bitter, is most deare  
 That brings health in the end

Lord, God ! I beg nor friends, nor wealth  
 But pray against them both ;  
 Three things I'de have, my soules chief health !  
 And one of these seme loath,

A living *F AITH*, a *H E A R T* of flesh,  
 The *W O R L D* an Enemie,  
 This last will keepe the first two fresh,  
 And bring me, where I'de be.

1 Pet. 4. 7.

Now the end of all things is at hand, be you therefore sober, and watching in prayer.

---

## Religion.

MY God, when I walke in those groves,  
 And leaves thy spirit doth still fan,  
 I see in each shade that there growes  
 An Angell talking with a man.

Under a *Juniper*, some house,  
 Or the coole *Mirtles* canopic,  
 Others beneath an *Oakes* greene boughs,  
 Or at some *fountaines* bubling Eye,

Here *Jacob* dreames, and wrestles; there  
*Elias* by a Raven is fed,  
 Another time by th' Angell, where  
 He brings him water with his bread;

In *Abr'ham's* Tent the winged guests,  
 (O how familiar then was heaven!)  
 Eat, drinke, discourse, sit downe, and rest  
 Untill the Coole, and shady *Even*;

Nay thou thy selfe, my God, in fire,  
*whirle-winds*, and *Clouds*, and the soft voice  
 Speak'st there so much, that I admire  
 We have no Conference in these daies;

Is the truce broke? or 'cause we have  
 A mediatour now with thee,  
 Doest thou therefore old Treaties wave  
 And by appeales from him decree?

Or is't so, as some green heads say  
That now all miracies must cease?  
Though thou hast promis'd they should stay  
The tokens of the Church, and peace;

No, no; Religion is a Spring  
That from some secret, golden Mine  
Derives her birth, and thence doth bring  
Cordials in every drop, and Wine;

But in her long, and hidden Course  
Passing through the Earths darke veines.  
Growes still from better unto worse,  
And both her taste, and colour staines,

Then drilling on, learns to encrease  
False *Ecchoes*, and Confused sounds,  
And unawares doth often seize  
On veines of *Sulphur* under ground;

So poison'd, breaks forth in some Clime,  
And at first sight doth many please,  
But drunk, is puddle, or meere slime  
And 'stead of Phisick, a disease;

Just such a tainted sink we have  
Like that *Samaritans* dead well,  
Nor must we for the Kernell crave  
Because most voices like the shell.

Heale then these waters, Lord; or bring thy flock,  
Since these are troubled, to the springing rock,  
Looke downe great Master of the feast; O shine,  
And turn once more our *water* into *wine*!

Cant. cap. 4. ver. 12.

*My sister, my spouse is as a garden Inclosed, as a Spring  
shut up, and a fountain sealed up.*

The

## The Search.

TIs now cleare day : I see a Rose  
 Bud in the bright East, and disclose  
 The Pilgrim-Sunne ; all night have I  
 Spent in a roving Extasie  
 To find my Saviour ; I have been  
 As far as *Betlem*, and have seen  
 His Inne, and Cradle ; Being there  
 I met the *Wise-men*, askt them where  
 He might be found, or what starre can  
 Now point him out, grown up a Man :  
 To *Egypt* hence I fled, ran o're  
 All her parcht bosome to *Nile's* shore  
 Her yearly nurse ; came back, enquir'd  
 Amongst the *Doctors*, and desir'd  
 To see the *Temple*, but was shown  
 A little dust, and for the Town  
 A heap of ashes, where some sed  
 A small bright sparkle was a bed,  
 Which would one day ( beneath the pole, )  
 Awake, and then refine the whole.

Tyr'd here, I come to *Sychar* ; thence  
 To *Jacobs well*, bequeathed since  
 Unto his sonnes, ( where often they  
 In those calme, golden Evenings lay  
 Watring their flocks, and having spent  
 Those white dayes, drove home to the Tent  
 Their *well-fleec'd* traine ; ) And here ( O fate ! )  
 I sit, where once my Saviour fate ;  
 The angry Spring in bubbles swell d  
 Which broke in sighes still, as they fill'd,  
 And whisper d, *Jesus had been there*  
 But *Jacobs children would not heare*.  
 Loath hence to part, at last I rise  
 But with the fountain in my Eyes,  
 And here a fresh search is decteed  
 He must be found, where he did bleed

I walke the garden, and there see  
*Idea's* of his Agonie,  
 And moving anguishment that set  
 His blest face in a bloody sweat ;  
 I climb'd the Hill, perus'd the Crosse  
 Hung with my gaine, and his great losse,  
 Never did tree beare fruit like this,  
*Balsams* of Soules, the bodyes blisse ;  
 But, O his grave ! where I saw lent  
 ( For he had none, ) a Monument,  
 An undefil'd, and new-heav'd one,  
 But there was not the *Corner-stone* ;  
 Sure ( then said I, ) my Quest is vaine,  
 Hee'le not be found, where he was slaine,  
 So mild a Lamb can never be  
 'Midst so much bloud, and Crueltie ;  
 I'le to the Wilderness, and can  
 Find beasts more mercifull then man,  
 He liv'd there safe, 'twas his retreat  
 From the fierce *Jew*, and *Herods* heat,  
 And forty dayes withstood the fell,  
 And high temptations of hell ;  
 With Seraphins there talked he  
 His fathers flaming ministrie,  
 He heav'nd their *walks*, and with his eyes  
 Made those wild shades a Paradise,  
 Thus was the desert sanctified  
 To be the refuge of his bride ;  
 I le thither then ; see, It is day,  
 The Sun's broke through to guide my way.

But as I urg'd thus, and writ down  
 What pleasures should my Journey crown,  
 What silent paths, what shades, and Cells,  
 Faire, virgin-flowers, and hallow'd *wells*  
 I should rove in, and rest my head  
 Where my deare Lord did often tread,  
 Sugring all dangers with successe,  
 Me thought I heard one singing thus ;

1.

Leave, leave thy gadding thoughts;  
 Who Pores  
 and spies  
 Still out of Doores  
 descries  
 Within them noughr.

2.

The skinne, and shell of things  
 Though faire,  
 are not  
 Thy wifh, nor Pray'r,  
 but got  
 By meere Despaire  
 of wings.

3.

To rack old Elements,  
 Or Dust;  
 and say  
 Sure here he must  
 needs stay  
 Is not the way,  
 nor just.

Search well another world ; who studies this,  
 Trayels in Clouds, seekes *Manna*, where none is

Aets Cap. 17. ve. 27, 28.

*That they should seeke the Lord, if happily they might  
 feele after him, and find him, though he be not far off from  
 every one of us, for in him we live, and move, and have our  
 being.*

*Isaacs Marriage.*

Gen. cap. 24. ver. 63.

*And Isaac went out to pray in the field at the Even-tide,  
and he lift up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the Camels  
were comming.*

PRaying! and to be married? It was rare,  
But now 'tis monstrous; and that pious care  
Though of our selves, is so much out of date,  
That to renew't, were to degenerate.  
But thou a Chosen sacrifice wert given,  
And offer'd up so early unto heaven  
Thy flames could not be out; Religion was  
Ray'd into thee, like beames into a glasse,  
Where, as thou grewst, it multiply'd, and shin'd  
The sacred Constellation of thy mind.

But being for a bride, sure, prayer was  
Very strange stuffe wherewith to court thy lasse,  
Hadst thou ne'r an oath, nor Complement? thou wert  
An odde, corse sutor; Hadst thou but the art  
Of these our dayes, thou couldst have coyn'd thee twenty  
New sev'rall oathes, and Complements (too) plenty;  
O sad and wild excess! and happy those  
White dayes, that durst no impious mirth expose!  
When sinne, by sinning oft, had not lost sence,  
Nor bold-fac'd custome banish'd Innocence;  
Thou hadst no pompous traine, nor *Antick* crowd  
Of young gay swearors, with their needles, lowd  
Retinue; All was here smooth as thy bride  
And calme like her, or that mild Evening-tide;  
Yer, hadst thou nobier guests: Angels did wind,  
And rove about thee guardians of thy mind,  
These fetch'd thee home thy bride, and all the way  
Advis'd thy servant what to doe, and say;  
These taught him at the *well*, and thither brough  
The Chast, and lovely object of thy thought

But

But here was ne'r a Complement, nor one  
 Spruce, supple cringe, or study'd looke put on,  
 All was plaine, modest truth : Nor did she come  
 In *rowles*, and *curles*, mincing, and stately dumbe,  
 But in a frighted, virgin-blush approach'd  
 Fresh as the morning, when 'tis newly Coach'd ,  
 O sweet, divine simplicity O grace  
 Beyond a Curled lock, or painted face !  
 A *Pitcher* too she had, nor thought it much  
 To carry that, which some would scorn to touch ;  
 With which in mild chaste language she did wooe  
 To draw him drinke, and for his Camels too.

And now thou knewst her coming, It was time  
 To get thee wings on, and devoutly climbe  
 Unto thy God, for Marriage of all states  
 Makes most unhappy, or most fortunates ;  
 This brought thee forth, where now thou didst undresse  
 Thy soule, and with new pinions refresh  
 Her wearied wings, which so restor'd did flye  
 Above the stars, a track unknown, and high,  
 And in her piercing flight perfum'd the ayre  
 Scatt'ring the *Mirre*, and Incense of thy pray'r  
 So from \* *Lahai-roi's* Well, some spicie cloud  
 Woo'd by the Sun swels up to be his shrowd,  
 And from his moist wombe weeps a fragrant showre,  
 Which, scatter'd in a thousand pearls, each flowre  
 And herb partakes, where having stood awhile  
 And something coold the parch'd, and thirstie Iste  
 The thankfull Earth unlocks her selfe, and blends,  
 A thousand odours, which (all mixt,) she sends  
 Up in one cloud, and so returns the skies  
 That dew they lent, a breathing sacrifice.

Thus soar'd thy soul, who (though young,) didst in-  
 Together with his blood, thy fathers spirit,  
 Whose active zeale, and tryed faith were to thee  
 Familiar ever since thy Infancie,  
 Others were tym'd, and train'd up to't, but thou  
 Didst thy swift years in piety out-grow,

*A well i  
 the Sout  
 Country  
 where Ja-  
 cob dwelt  
 betwene  
 Cadesh,  
 & B cred  
 Heb the  
 wel of bin  
 that liveth  
 and seeth  
 me.*

(herit

Age made them rev'rend, and a snowie head,  
 But thou wert so, e're time his snow could shed ;  
 Then, who would truly limne thee out, must paint  
 First, a *young Patriarch*, then a *marry'd Saint*.

---

## The Brittish Church.

AH ! he is fled !  
 And while these here their *mists*, and *shadowes* hatch,  
 My glorious head  
 Doth on those hills of Myrrhe, and Incense watch,  
 Hast, hast my deare,  
 The Souldiers here  
 Cast in their lotts againe,  
 That seamless coat  
 The Jewes touch'd not,  
 These dare divide, and staine.

2.

O get thee wings !  
 Ot if as yet ( untill these clouds depart,  
 And the day springs,)   
 Thou think'st it good to tarry where thou art,  
 Write in thy bookes  
 My ravish'd looks  
 Slain flock, and pillag'd fleeces,  
 And haste thee so  
 As a young Roe  
 Upon the mounts of spices.

*O Rosa Campi ! O liliu[m] Convalliu[m] ! quomodò nunc  
 facta es pabulum Aprorum !*

The

## The Lampe.

'TIs dead night round about : Horreur doth creepe  
 And move on with the shades ; stars nod, and sleepe,  
 And through the dark aire spin a fire thread  
 Such as doth gild the lazie glow-worms bed.

Yet, burn'ft thou here, a full day ; while I spend  
 My rest in Cares, and to the dark world lend  
 These flames, as thou dost thine to me ; I watch  
 That houre, which must thy life, and mine dispatch ;  
 But still thou doest out-goe me, I can see  
 Met in thy flames, all acts of piety ;  
 Thy light, is *Charity* ; Thy heat, is *Zeale* ;  
 And thy aspiring, active fires reveale  
*Devotion* still on wing ; Then, thou dost weepe  
 Still as thou burn'ft, and the warme droppings creepe  
 To measure out thy length, as if thou'dst know  
 What stock, and how much time were left thee now ;  
 Nor dost thou spend one teare in vain, for still  
 As thou dissolv'ft to them, and they distill,  
 They're stor'd up in the socket, where they lye,  
 When all is spent, thy last, and sure supply,  
 And such is true repentance, ev'ry breath  
 Wee spend in sighes, is treasure after death ;  
 Only, one point escapes thee ; That thy Oile  
 Is still out with thy flame, and so both faile ;  
 But whenfoe're I'm out, both shalbe in,  
 And where thou mad'ft an end, there I'le begin.

Mark Cap. 13. ver. 35.

*Watch you therefore, for you know not when the master  
 of the house commeth, at Even, or at mid-night, or at the  
 Cock-crowing, or in the morning.*

## Mans fall, and Recovery.

**F**arewell you Everlasting hills ! I'm Cast  
 Here under Clóuds, where stormes, and tempests blast  
 This fully'd flowre  
 Rob'd of your Calme, nor can I ever make  
 Transplanted thus, one leafe of his t'awake,  
 But ev'ry houre  
 He sleepes, and droops, and in this drowfie state  
 Leaves me a slave to passions, and my fate ;  
 Besides I've lost  
 A traine of lights, which in those Sun-shine dayes  
 Were my sure guides, and only with me stayes  
 (Unto my cost,)  
 One sullen beame; whose charge is to dispense  
 More punishment, than knowledge to my sense ;  
 Two thousand yeares  
 I sojourn'd thus ; at last *Jeshurun's* king  
 Those famous tables did from *Sinai* bring ;  
 These swell'd my feares,  
 Guilts, trespasses, and all this Inward Awe,  
 For sinne tooke strength, and vigour from the Law  
 Yet have I found  
 A plenteous way, (thanks to that holy one !)  
 To cancell all that e're was writ in stone,  
 His saving wound  
 Wept bloud, that broke this Adamant, and gave  
 To sinners Confidence, life to the grave ;  
 This makes me span  
 My fathers journeys, and in one faire step  
 O're all their pilgrimage, and labours leap,  
 For God (made man,)  
 Reduc'd th'Extent of works of faith ; so made  
 Of their *Red Sea*, a *Spring* ; I wash, they wade

Rom. Cap. 18. ver. 19.

*As by the offence of one, the fault came on all men to condemnation ; So by the Righteousness of one, the benefit abounded towards all men to the Justification of life.*

## The Showre.

T Was so, I saw thy birth: That drowfie Lake  
From her faint bosome breath'd thee, the disease  
Of her sick waters, and Infectious Ease.

But, now at Even  
Too grosse for heaven,  
Thou fall'st in teares, and weep'st for thy mistake.

2.

Ah ! it is so with me ; oft have I prest  
Heaven with a lazie breath, but fruitles this  
Peirc'd not ; Love only can with quick accesse

Unlock the way,  
When all else stray  
The smoke, and Exhalations of the brest.

3.

Yet, if as thou doest melt, and with thy traine  
Of drops make soft the Earth, my eyes could weep  
O're my hard heart, that's bound up, and asleepe,

Perhaps at last  
(Some such showres past,)  
My God would give a Sun-shine after raine.

Distraction

## Distraction.

O Knit me, that am crumbled dust ! the heape  
     Is all dispers'd, and cheape ;  
 Give for a handfull, but a thought  
     And it is bought ;  
     Hadst thou  
 Made me a starre, a pearle, or a rain-bow,  
     The beames I then had shot  
     My light had lessend not,  
     But now  
 I find my selfe the lesse, the more I grow ;  
     The world  
 Is full of voices; Man is call'd, and hurl'd  
     By each, he answers all,  
     Knows ev'ry note, and call,  
     Hence, still  
 Fresh dotage tempts, or old usurps his will.  
 Yet, hadst thou clipt my wings, when Coffin'd in  
     This quicken'd masse of sinne,  
     And saved that light, which freely thou  
     Didst then bestow,  
     I feare  
 I should have spurn'd, and said thou didst forbear ;  
     Or that thy store was lesse,  
     But now since thou didst blesse  
     So much,  
 I grieve, my God ! that thou hast made me such.  
     I grieve ?  
 O, yes ! thou know'st I doe ; Come, and relieve  
     And tame, and keepe downe with thy light  
     Dust that would rise, and dimme my sight,  
     Left left alone too long  
     Amidst the noise, and throng,  
     Oppressed I  
 Striving to save the whole, by parcells dye.

## The Pursuite.

Lord ! what a busie, restles thing  
     Hast thou made man ?  
 Each day, and houre he is on wing,  
     Rests not a span ;  
 Then having lost the Sunne, and light  
     By clouds surpriz'd  
 He keeps a Commerce in the night  
     With aire disguis'd ;  
 Hadst thou given to this active dust  
     A state untir'd,  
 The lost Sonne had not left the huske  
     Nor home desir'd ;  
 That was thy secret, and it is  
     Thy mercy too,  
 For when all failes to bring to blisse,  
     Then, this must doe.  
 Ah ! Lord ! and what a Purchase will that be  
 To take us sick, that sound would not take thee ?

---

## Mount of Olives.

Sweete, sacred hill ! on whose fair brow  
 My Saviour fate, shall I allow  
     Language to love  
 And Idolize some shade, or grove,  
 Neglecting thee ? such ill-plac'd wit,  
 Conceit, or call it what you please  
     Is the braines fit,  
     And meere disease ;

## 2.

*Cotswold*, and *Coopers* both have met  
 With learned *Swaines*, and *Eccho* yet  
     Their pipes, and wit ;  
 But thou sleep'st in a deepe neglect  
 Untouch'd by any ; And what need  
 The sheep bleat thee a silly Lay  
     That heard'st both reed  
 And sheepward play ?

## 3.

Yer, if Poets mind thee well  
 They shall find thou art their hill,  
     And fountaine too,  
 Their Lord with thee had most to doe ;  
 He wept once, walkt whole nights on thee,  
 And from thence (his suff'rings ended,)  
     Unto glorie  
 Was attended ;

## 4.

Being there, this spacious ball  
 is but his narrow footstoole all,  
     And what we thinke  
 Unsearchable, now with one winke  
 He doth comp'ise ; But in this aire  
 When he did stay to beare our Ill  
     And sinne, this Hill  
 Was then his Chaire

The Incarnation, and  
Passion.

Lord! when thou didst thy selfe undresse  
Laying by thy robes of glory,  
To make us more, thou wouldst be lesse,  
And becam'st a wofull story.

To put on Clouds instead of light,  
And loath the morning-starre with dust,  
Was a translation of such height  
As, but in thee, was ne'r exprest;

Brave wormes, and Earth! that thus could have  
A God Enclos'd within your Cell,  
Your maker pent up in a grave,  
Life lockt in death, heav'n in a shell;

Ah, my deare Lord! what couldst thou spye  
In this impure, rebellious clay,  
That made thee thus resolve to dye  
For those that kill thee every day?

O what strange wonders could thee move  
To slight thy precious bloud, and breath  
Sure it was *Love*, my Lord; for *Love*  
Is only stronger far than death.

## The Call.

Come my heart ! come my head  
     In sighes, and teares !  
 'Tis now, since you have laine thus dead  
     Some twenty years ;  
     Awake, awake,  
     Some pittie take  
     Upon your selves —————  
 Who never wake to grone, nor weepe,  
 Shall be sentenc'd for their sleepe.

## 2.

Doe but see your sad estate,  
     how many sands  
 Have left us, while we careles fate  
     With folded hands ;  
     What stock of nights,  
     Of dayes, and yeares  
     In silent flights  
     Stole by our cares ;  
 How ill have we our selves bestow'd  
 Whose sins are all set in a Cloud ?

## 3.

Yet, come, and let's peruse them all ;  
     And as we passe,  
 What sins on every minute fall  
     Score on the glasse ;  
     Then weigh, and rate  
     Their heavy State  
     Untill  
 The glasse with teares you fill ;  
 That done, we shalbe safe, and good,  
 Those beasts were cleane, that chew'd the Cud.

Thou



THOU that know'st for whom I mourne,  
 And why these teares appeare,  
 That keep'st account, till he returne  
 Of all his dust left here ;  
 As easily thou mightst prevent  
 As now produce these teares,  
 And adde unto that day he went  
 A faire supply of yeares.  
 But 'twas my sinne that forc'd thy hand  
 To cull this *Prim-rose* out,  
 That by thy early choice forewarn'd  
 My soule might looke about.  
 O what a vanity is man !  
 How like the Eyes quick winke  
 His Cottage failes ; whose narrow span  
 Begins even at the brink !  
 Nine months thy hands are fashioning us,  
 And many yeares (alas ! )  
 E're we can lisp, or ought discusse  
 Concerning thee, must passe ;  
 Yet have I knowne thy slightest things  
 A *feather*, or a *shell*,  
 A *stick*, or *Rod* which some Chance brings  
 The best of us excell,  
 Yea, I have knowne these shreds out last  
 A faire-compacted frame  
 And for one *Twenty* we have past  
 Almost outlive our name.  
 Thus hast thou plac'd in mans outside  
 Death to the Common Eye,  
 That heaven within him might abide,  
 And close eternitie ;

Hence,

Hence, youth, and folly (mans first shame, )  
     Are put unto the slaughter,  
 And serious thoughts begin to tame  
     The wise-mans-madnes *Laughter* ;  
 Dull, wretched wormes ! that would not keepe  
     Within our first faire bed,  
 But out of *Paradise* must creepe  
     For ev'ry foote to tread ;  
 Yet, had our Pilgrimage bin free,  
     And smooth without a thorne,  
 Pleasures had foil'd Eternitie,  
     And *tares* had choakt the *Corne*.  
 Thus by the Crosse Salvation runnes,  
     Affliction is a mother,  
 Whose painefull throws yield many sois,  
     Each fairer than the other ;  
 A silent teate can peirce thy throne,  
     When lowd Joyes want a wing,  
 And sweeter aires streame from a grone,  
     Than any arted string ;  
 Thus, Lord, I see my gaine is great ,  
     My losse but little to it,  
 Yet something more I must intreate  
     And only thou canst doe it.  
 O let me (like him,) know my End !  
     And be as glad to find it,  
 And whatsoe'r thou shalt Commend,  
     Still let thy Servant mind it !  
 Then make my foule white as his owne,  
     My taith as pure, and steddy ,  
 And deck me, Lord, with the same Crowne  
     Thou hast crownd him already !

## Vanity of Spirit.

Quite spent with thoughts I left my Cell, and lay  
 Where a shrill spring tun'd to the early day.  
 I beg'd here long, and gron'd to know  
 Who gave the Clouds so brave a bow,  
 Who bent the spheres, and circled in  
 Corruption with this glorious Ring,  
 What is his name, and how I might  
 Descry some part of his great light.  
 I summon'd nature; peirc'd through all her store,  
 Broke up some scales, which none had touch'd before,  
 Her wombe, her bosome, and her head  
 Where all her secrets lay a bed  
 I rifled quite, and having past  
 Through all the Creatures, came at last  
 To search my selfe, where I did find  
 Traces, and sounds of a strange kind.  
 Here of this mighty spring, I found some drills,  
 With Ecchoes beaten from th' eternall hills;  
 Weake beames, and fires flash'd to my sight  
 Like a young East, or Moone-shine night,  
 Wich shew'd me in a nook cast by  
 A peece of much antiquity,  
 With Hyeroglyphicks quite dismembred,  
 And broken letters scarce remembred.  
 I rooke them up, and (much Joy'd,) went about  
 T' unite those peeces, hoping to find out  
 The mystery; but this neer done,  
 That little light I had was gone:  
 It griev'd me much. At last, said I,  
*Since in these veyls my Ecclips'd Eye  
 May not appreach thee, (for at night  
 who can have commerce with the light?)  
 I'le disapparell, and to buy  
 But one oalf glaunce, most gladly dye.*

C

The

## The Retreat.

HAppy those early dayes! when I  
 Shin'd in my Angell-infancy.  
 Before I understood this place  
 Appointed for my second race,  
 Or taught my soul to fancy ought  
 But a white, Celestiall thought,  
 When yet I had not walkt above  
 A mile, or two, from my first love,  
 And looking back (at that short space,)  
 Could see a glimpse of his bright-face ;  
 When on some *gilded Cloud*, or *flowre*  
 My gazing soul would dwell an houre,  
 And in those weaker glories spy  
 Some shadows of eternity ;  
 Before I taught my tongue to wound  
 My Conscience with a sinfull sound,  
 Or had the black art to dispence  
 A sev'ral sinne to ev'ry sence,  
 But felt through all this fleshly dresse  
 Bright *shootes* of everlastingnesse.

O how I long to travell back  
 And tread again that ancient traek !  
 That I might once more reach that plaine  
 Where first I lefe my glorious traine,  
 From whenceith ihlightned spirit sees  
 That shady City of Palme trees ;  
 But (ah!) my soul with too much stay  
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way  
 Some men a forward motion love,  
 But I by backward steps would move  
 And when this dust falls to the urn  
 In that stute I came return



Come, come, what doe I here?  
 Since he is gone  
 Each day is grown a dozen year,  
 And each houre, one;  
 Come, come!  
 Cut off the sum,  
 By these soil'd teares  
 (Which only thou  
 Know'st to be true,)  
 Dayes are my feares.

2.

Ther's not a wind can stir,  
 Or beam passe by,  
 But strait I think (though far,)  
 Thy hand is nigh,  
 Come, come!  
 Strike these lips dumb  
 This restles breath  
 That soiles thy name,  
 Will ne'r be tame  
 Untill in death.

3.

Perhaps some think a tombe  
 No house of store,  
 But a dark. and seal'd up wombe,  
 Which ne'r breeds more  
 Come, come!  
 Such thoughts benum;  
 But I would be  
 With him I weep  
 A bed and sleep  
 A wake in thee.

C 2

Mid-night



## Midnight.

WHen to my Eyes  
 ( Whilst deep sleep others catches, )  
 Thine hoast of spyes  
 The starres shine in their watches,  
 I doe survey  
 Each busie Ray,  
 And how they work, and wind.  
 And wish each beame  
 My soul doth streame.  
 With the like ardour shin'd;  
 What Emanarions,  
 Quick vibrations  
 And bright fairs are there ?  
 What thin Ejections,  
 Cold Affections,  
 And slow motions here ?

2.

Thy heav'ns (some say.)  
 Are a fire-liquid light,  
 Which mingling aye  
 Streames, and flames thus to the sight.  
 Come then, my god  
 Shine on this blood,  
 And water in one beame,  
 And thou shalt see  
 Kindled by thee  
 Both liquors burne, and streame.

O what bright quicknes,  
 Active brightnes,  
 And celestiall flowes  
 Will follow after  
 On that water,  
 Which thy spirit blowes !

Math. Cap. 3. ver. xi.

*I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance, but he that commeth after me, is mightier than I, whose shooes I am not worthy to beare, he shall baptize you with the holy Ghost, and with fire.*

---

## ¶ Content.

PEace, peace ! I know 'twas brave,  
 But this corse fleece  
 I shelter in, is slave  
 To no such peece.  
 When I am gone,  
 I shall no ward-robcs leave  
 To friend, or sonne  
 But what their own homes weave,

2.

Such, though not proud, nor full,  
 May make them weep,  
 And mourn to see the wooll  
 Outlast the sheep ;  
 Poore, Pious weare  
 Hadst thou bin rich, or fine  
 Perhaps that teare  
 Had mourn'd thy losse, not mine.

C 3

3. Why

3.

Why then these curl'd, puff'd points,  
 Or a laced story?  
 Death sets all out of joint  
 And scorns their glory;  
 Some Love a *Rose*  
 In hand, some in the skin;  
 But croſſe to thoſe,  
 I would have mine *within*.

---

¶

TOy of my life! while left me here,  
 And ſtill my Love!  
 How in thy abſence thou doſt ſteere  
 Me from above!  
 A life well lead  
 This truth commendſ,  
 With quick, or dead  
 It never ends.

2.

Stars are of mighty uſe: The night,  
 Is dark, and long;  
 The Rode ſoul, and where one goes right  
 Six may go wrong.  
 One twinkling ray  
 Sho'r o'r ſome cloud,  
 May clear much way  
 And guide a croud.

3.

Gods Saints are shining lights ; who stays  
 Here long must passe  
 O're dark hills, swift streames, and steep ways  
 As smooth as glasse ;  
 But these all night  
 Like Candles, shed  
 Their beams and light  
 Us into Bed.

4.

They are (indeed,) our Pillar-fires  
 Seen as we go,  
 They are that Cities shining spires  
 We travell too ;  
 A swordlike gleame  
 Kept man for sin  
 First *Out* ; This beame  
 Will guide him *In*.

---

### The Storm.

I See the use ; and know my bloud  
 Is not a Sea,  
 But a shallow, bounded floud  
 Though red as he ;  
 Yet have I flows, as strong as his,  
 And boyling stremes that rave  
 With the same curling force. and hisle,  
 As doth the mountain'd wave.

## 2.

But when his waters billow thus,  
     Dark storms, and wind  
 Incite them to that fierce dispute,  
     Else not Inclined,  
 Thus the Enlarg'd, enraged air  
     Uncalmes these to a froud,  
 But still the weather that's most fair  
     Breeds tempests in my bloud ;

## 3.

Lord, then round me with weeping Clouds,  
     And let my mind  
 In quick blasts sigh beneath those shrouds  
     A spirit-wind,  
 So shall that storme purge this *Recluse*  
     Which sinfull ease made foul,  
 And *wind*, and *water* to thy use  
     Both *wash*, and *wing* my foul.

---

The  
 Morning-watch.

O Joyes ! Infinite sweetnes ! with what flowres,  
 And shoots of glory, my soul breakes, and buds !  
     All the long houres  
     Of night, and Rest  
     Through the still shrouds  
     Of sleep, and Clouds,  
 This Dew fell on my Breast ;  
     O how it *Blouds*,

And

And Spirits all my Earth ! heark ! In what Rings,  
And *Hymning Circulations* the quick world

Awakes, and sings ;  
The rising winds,  
And falling springs,  
Birds, beasts, all things  
Adore him in their kinds.

Thus all is hurl'd

In sacred *Hymnes*, and *Order*, The great *Chime*

And *Symphony* of nature. Prayer is

The world in tune,  
A spirit-voyce,  
And vocall joyes  
Whose *Eccho* is heav'ns blific

O let me clinbe

When I lye down ! The Pious soul by night  
Is like a clouded starre, whose beames though ied

To shed their light

Under some Cloud

Yet are above,

And shine, and move

{Beyond that mistie throwd.

So in my Bed

That Curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes, hide  
My lamp, and life, both shall in thee abide.

## The Evening-watch.

### A Dialogue.

**F**arewell ! I goe to sleep ; but when  
The day-star springs, I'le wake agen.

Body

Goe, sleep in peace ; and when thou lyeft  
Unnumber'd in thy dust, when all this frame  
Is but one dramme, and what thou now descriett  
In sev'ral parts shall want a name.

Sou.

Then

Then may his peace be with thee, and each dust  
Writ in his book, who ne'r betray'd mans trust !

Amen ! but hark, e'r we two stray,  
How many hours do'st think 'till day ?

Eody.

Ah ! go ; th'art weak, and sleepeie. Heav'n  
Is a plain watch, and without figures winds  
All ages up ; who drew this Circle even

Soul.

He fills it ; Dayes, and hours are *blinds*.  
Yet, this take with thee ; The last gasp of time  
Is thy first breath, and mans *eternall Prime*.



Hence, and stealth of dayes ! 'tis now  
Since thou art gone,  
I welve hundred houres, and not a brow  
But Clouds hang on  
As he that in some Caves thuck damp  
Lockt from the light  
Fixeth a solitary lamp,  
To brave the night,  
And walking from his Sun, when past  
That glim'ring Ray  
Cuts through the heavy mists in haste  
Back to his day,  
So o'r tied minutes I retreat  
Unto that hour  
Which shew'd thee last, but did defea  
Thy light, and pow'r  
I search, and rack my soul to see  
Those beams again,  
But nothing but the snuff to me  
Appareth plain,  
That dark, and dead sleeps in its known  
And common urn,  
But those fled to their Makers throne  
There thine, and burn ;

O could I track them ! but souls must  
 Track one the other,  
 And now the spirit, not the dust  
 Must be thy brother.  
 Yet I have one *Pearle* by whose light  
 All things I see,  
 And in the heart of Earth, and night  
 Find Heaven, and thee.

### Church-Service.

**B**Left be the God of Harmony, and Love !  
 The God above !  
 And holy dove !

Whose Interceding, spiritual grones  
 Make restless mones  
 For dust, and stones,  
 For dust in every part,  
 But a hard, stonie heart.

2

O how in this thy Quire of Souls I stand  
 ( Propt by thy hand )  
 A heap of sand !

Which busie thoughts (like winds) would scatter quite  
 And put to flight,  
 But for thy might ;  
 Thy hand alone doth tame  
 Those blasts, and knit my frame.

3.

So that both stones, and dust, and all of me  
 Joyntly agree  
 To cry to thee,

And in this Musick by thy Martyrs blood  
 Seal'd, and made good  
 Present, O God !  
 The Eccho of these stones  
 — My sighes, and grones.

Buriall

## Buriall.

O Thou! the first fruits of the dead.  
 And their dark bed,  
 When I am cast into that deep  
 And senseless sleep  
 The wages of my sinne,  
 O then,  
 Thou great Preserver of all men  
 Watch o're that loose  
 And empty house,  
 Which I sometimes liv'd in.

2.  
 It is (in truth!) a ruin'd peece  
 Not worth thy Eyes,  
 And scarce a room but wind, and rain  
 Beat through, and stain  
 The feats, and Cells within;  
 Yet thou  
 Led by thy Loye wouldst stoop thus low.  
 And in this Cott  
 All filth, and spott,  
 Didst with thy servant Inne,

3.  
 And nothiog can, I hourelly see,  
 Drive thee from ne,  
 Thou art the same, faithfull, and just  
 In life, or Dust;  
 Though then (thus crumm'd) I stray  
 In blasts,  
 Or Exhalations, and wafts  
 Beyond all Eyes  
 Yet thy love spies  
 That Change, and knows thy C lay.

4.

The world's thy boxe : how then (there toft,)  
 Can I be loft?  
 But the delay is all; Tyme now  
 Is old, and flow,  
 His wings are dull, and sickly;  
 Yet he  
 Thy fervant is, and waits on thee,  
 Cutt then the summe,  
 Lord haste, Lord come,  
 O come Lord *jesus* quickly!

Rom. Cap. 8. ver. 23.

*And not only they, but our selves also, which have the first  
 fruits of the spirit, even wee our selves groage within our  
 selves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of  
 our body.*

### Chearfulness.

**L**ord, with what courage, and delight  
 I doe each thing  
 When thy least breath sustaines my wing :  
 I shine, and move  
 Like those above,  
 And (with much gladnesse  
 Quitting sadnesse,)  
 Make me faire dayes of every night.

2.

Affliction thus, meere pleasure is,  
 And hap what will,  
 If thou be in't, 'tis welcome still;  
 But since thy rayes  
 In Sunnie dayes  
 Thou dost thus lend  
 And freely spend,  
 Ah! what shall I return for this?

3.

O that I were all Soul! that thou  
 Wouldst make each part  
 Of this poor, sinfull frame pure heart!  
 Then would I drown  
 My single one,  
 And to thy praise  
 A Confort raise  
 Of *Hallelujahs* here below.

---



SURE, there's a tye of Bodyes! and as they  
 Dissolve (with it,) to Clay,  
 Love languisheth, and memory doth rust  
 O'r-cast with that cold dust;  
 For things thus *center'd*, without *Reames*, or *Action*  
 Nor give, nor take *Contaction*,  
 And man is such a Marygold, these fled,  
 That shuts, and hangs the head.

2.

Absents within the Line Conspire, and *Sense*  
 Things distant doth unite,  
 Herbs sleep unto the *East*, and some fowles thence  
 Watch the Returns of light;  
 But hearts are not so kind: false, short delights.  
 Tell us the world is brave,  
 And wrap us in Imaginary flights  
 Wide of a faithfull grave;  
 Thus *Lazarus* was carried out of town;  
 For 'tis our foes chief art  
 By distance all good objects first to drown,  
 And then besiene the heart  
 But I will be my own *Deaths-herd*; and though  
 The flatterer say, *I live*,  
 Because Incertainties we cannot know  
 Be sure, not to believe

Peace.

## Peace.

**M**Y Soul, there is a Countrie  
 Far beyond the stars,  
 Where stands a winged Centrie  
 All skilfull in the wars,  
 There above noise, and danger  
 Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles  
 And one born in a Manger  
 Commands the Beauteous file  
 He is thy gracious friend,  
 And (O my Soul awake!)  
 Did in pure love descend  
 To die here for thy sake,  
 If thou canst get but thither,  
 There growes the flowre of peace.  
 The Rose that cannot wither,  
 Thy fortresse, and thy ease ;  
 Leave then thy foolish ranges ;  
 For none can thee secure,  
 But one, who never changes,  
 Thy God, thy life, thy Cure

---

## The Passion.

**O** My chief good !  
 My dear, dear God !  
 When thy blest bloud  
 Did Issue forth forc'd by the Rod,  
 What pain didst thou  
 Feel in each blow !  
 How didst thou weep,  
 And thy self steep

In thy own precious, saving teares !  
 What cruell smart  
 Did teare thy heart !  
 How didst thou grone it  
 In the spirit,  
 O thou, whom my soul Loves, and feares !

2.

Most blessed Vine !  
 Whose juice so good  
 I feel as Wine,  
 But thy faire branches felt as bloud,  
 How wert thou prest  
 To be my feast !  
 In what deep anguish  
 Didst thou languish,  
 What springs of Sweat, and bloud did drown thee !  
 How in one path  
 Did the full wrath  
 Of thy great Father  
 Crowd, and garher,  
 Doubling thy griefs, when none would own thee !

3.

How did the weight  
 Of all our finnes,  
 And death unite  
 To wrench, and Rack thy blessed limbes !  
 How pale, and bloudie  
 Lookt thy Body !  
 How bruis'd, and broke  
 With every stroke !  
 How meek, and patient was thy spirit !  
 How didst thou cry,  
 And grone on high  
*Father forgive,*  
 And let them live,  
 I dye to makemy foes inherit !

4.

O blessed Lamb !  
 That took'st my sinne,  
 That took'st my shame  
 How shall thy dust thy praises sing !  
 I would I were  
 One hearty tear !  
 One constant spring !  
 Then would I bring  
 Thee two small mites, and be at strife  
 Which should most vie,  
 My heart, or eye,  
 Teaching my years  
 In smiles, and tears  
 To weep, to sing, thy *Death*, my *Life*.

---

Rom. Cap. 8. ver. 19.

*Etenim res Creatæ exerto Capite observantes expectant revelationem Filiorum Dei.*

AND do they so ? have they a Sense  
 Of ought but Influence ?  
 Can they their heads lift, and expect,  
 And grone too ? why th'Elect  
 Can do no more ; my volumes sed  
 They were all dull, and dead,  
 They judg'd them senselesse, and their state  
 Wholly Inanimate.  
 Go, go ; Seal up thy looks,  
 And burn thy books.

2.

I would I were a stone, or tree,  
 Or flowre by pedigree,  
 Or some poor high-way herb, or Spring  
 To flow, or bird to sing !

D

Then

Then should I (tyed to one sure state,)  
 All day expect my date;  
 But I am sadly loose; and stray  
 A 'giddy blast each way ;  
 O let me not thus range !  
 Thou canst not change.

## 3.

Sometimes I sit with thee, and tarry  
 An hour, or so, then vary.  
 Thy other Creatures in this Scene  
 Thee only aym, and mean;  
 Some rise to seek thee, and with heads  
 Erect peep from their beds ;  
 Others, whose birth is in the tomb,  
 And cannot quit the womb,  
 Sigh there, and grone for thee,  
 Their liberty.

## 4.

O let not me do lesse ! shall they  
 Watch, while I sleep, or play ?  
 Shall I thy mercies still abuse  
 With fancies, friends, or newes  
 O brook it not ! thy bloud is mine,  
 And my soul should be thine ;  
 O brook it not ! why wilt thou stop  
 After whole showres one drop ?  
 Sure, thou wilt joy to see  
 Thy sheep with thee.

---

## The Relapse.

**M**Y God, how gracious art thou ! I had slipt  
 Almost to hell,  
 And on the verge of that dark, dreadful pit  
 Did hear them yell,  
 But O thy love ! thy rich, almighty love  
 That sav'd my soul,  
 And checkt their furie, when I saw them move,  
 And heard chem howl ;  
 O my sole Comfort, take no more these wayes,  
 This hideous path,  
 And I wil mend my own without delayes,  
 Cease thou thy wrath !  
 I have deserv'd a thick, Egyptian damp,  
 Dark as my deeds,  
 Should *mist* within me, and put out that lamp  
 Thy spirit feeds ;  
 A darting Conscience full of stabs, and fears ,  
 No shade but *Yerogh*,  
 Sullen, and sad Ecclipses, Cloudie spheres,  
 These are my due.  
 But he that with his bloud, ( a price too deere, )  
 My scores did pay,  
 Bid me, by vertue from him, challenge here  
 The brightest day ;  
 Sweet, downie thoughts ; soft *Lilly*-shades ; Calm streams ;  
 Joyes full, and true ;  
 Fresh, spicie mornings ; and eternal beams  
 These are his due.

## The Resolve.

[ Have consider'd it ; and find  
     A longer stay  
 Is but excus'd neglect. To mind  
     One path, and stray  
 Into another, or to none,  
     Cannot be love ;  
 When shal that traveller come home,  
     That will not move ?  
 If thou wouldst thither, linger not,  
     Catch at the place,  
 Tell youth, and beauty they must rot,  
     They'r but a *Case* ;  
 Loose, parcell'd hearts wil freeze: The Sun  
     With scatter'd locks  
 Scarce warms. but by contraction  
     Can heat rocks ;  
 Call in thy *Powers* ; run, and reach  
     Home withr the light,  
 Be there, before the shadows stretch,  
     And *Span* up night ;  
 Follow the *Cry* no more ; there is  
     An ancient way  
 All strewed with flowres, and happiness  
     And fresh as *May* ;  
 There turn, and turn no more ; Let wits,  
     Smile at fair eies,  
 Or lips ; But who there weeping sits,  
     Hath got the *Prize*.

## The Match.

**D**ear friend ! whose holy, ever-living lines  
 Have done much good  
 To many, and have checkt my blood,  
 My fierce, wild blood that still heaves, and inclines,  
 But is still tam'd  
 By those bright fires which thee inflam'd ;  
 Here I joyn hands, and thrust my stubborn heart  
 Into thy *Deed*,  
 There from no *Duties* to be freed,  
 And if hereafter *youth*, or *folly* thwart  
 And claim their share,  
 Here I renounce the pois'nous ware.

## ii

**A**cept, dread Lord, the poor Oblation,  
 It is but poore,  
 Yet through thy Mercies may be more.  
 O thou ! that canst not wish my souls damnation,  
 Afford me life,  
 And save me from all inward strife !  
 Two *Lives* I hold from thee, my gracious Lord,  
 Both cost thee deer.  
 For one, I am thy Tenant here ;  
 The other, the true life, in the next world  
 And endless is,  
 O let me still mind *that in this* !  
 To thee therefore my *Thoughts, words, Actions*  
 I do resign,  
 Thy will in all be done, not mine.  
 Settle my *house*, and shut out all distractions  
 That may unknit  
 My heart, and thee planted in it ;

Lord *Jesu!* thou didst bow thy blessed head  
 Upon a tree,  
 O do as much, now unto me!  
 O hear, and heal thy servant! Lord, strike dead  
 All lusts in me,  
 Who onely with life to serve thee?  
 Suffer no more this dust to overflow  
 And drown my eies,  
 But seal, or pin them to thy skies.  
 And let this *grain* which here in tears I sow  
 Though *dead*, and *sick*,  
 Through thy *Increase* grow *new*, and *quick*.

---

### Rules and Lessons.

WHEN first thy Eies unveil, give thy Soul leave  
 To do the like; our Bodies but forerun  
 The spirits duty; True hearts spread, and heave  
 Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the Sun.  
 Give him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou keep  
 Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet, never sleep the Sun up; Prayer shou'd  
 Dawn with the day: There are set, awful hours  
 'Twixt heaven, and us; The *Manna* was not good  
 After Sun-rising, far-day sullies flowres.  
 Rise to prevent the Sun; sleep doth sins glut,  
 And heav'ns gate opens, when this world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the *bush*  
 And *whispers* amongst them. There's not a *Spring*.  
 Or *Leafe* but hath his *Morning-hymn*; Each *Bush*  
 And *Oak* doth know *I AM*; canst thou not sing  
 O leave thy Cares, and follies! go this way  
 And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve

Serve God before the world ; let him not go  
 Until thou hast a blessing, then resigne  
 The whole unto him ; and remember who  
 Prevail'd by *wrestling* ere the *Sun* did *shine*.

Poure *Oyle* upon the *stones*, weep for thy sin,  
 Then journey on, and have an eie to heav'n.

*Mornings* are *Mysteries* ; the first worlds *Youth*,  
 Mans *Resurrection*, and the futures *Bud*  
 Shrowd in their births: The Crown of life, light, truth  
 Is stil'd their *starre*, the *stone*, and *hiaden food*.

Three  *blessings*  wait upon them, two of which  
 Should move ; They make us *holy*, *bappy*, rich.

When the world's up, and ev'ry swarm abroad,  
 Keep thou thy temper, mix not with each Clay ;  
 Dispatch necessities, life hath a load  
 Which must be carri'd on, and safely may.

Yet keep those cares without thee, let the heart  
 Be Gods alone, and choose the better part.

Through all thy *Actions*, *Counsels*, and *Discourse*,  
 Let *Mildness*, and *Religion* guide thee out,  
 If truth be thine, what needs a brutish force ?  
 But what's not *good*, and *just* ne'r go about.

Wrong not thy Conscience for a rotten stick,  
 That gain is dreadful, which makes spirits sick.

To God, thy Countrie, and thy friend be true,  
 If *Priest*, and *People* change, keep thou thy ground.  
 Who sels Religion, is a *Judas Jew*,  
 And, oathes once broke, the soul cannot be found.

The perjurer's a devil let loose ; what can  
 Tie upon his hands, that dares mock God, and man

Seek not the same steps with the *Crowd* ; stick thou  
 To my sure trot ; a *Constant*, humble mind  
 Is both his own Joy, and his Makers too ;  
 Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.

A sweet *self-privacy* in a right soul  
Out-runs the Earth, and lines the utmost pole.

To all that seek thee, bear an open heart ;  
Make not thy breast a *Labyrinth*, or *Trap* ;  
If tryals come, this wil make good thy part,  
For honesty is safe, come what can hap ;  
It is the good mans *feast* ; The prince of flowres  
Which thrives in *storms*, and sinels best after *showres*.

Seal not thy Eyes up from the poor, but give  
Proportion to their *Merits*, and thy *Purse* ;  
Thou mai'st in Rags a mighty Prince relieve  
Who, when thy sins call for't, can fence a Curse.  
Thou shalt not lose one *mite*. Though waters stray,  
The Bread we cast returns in fraughts one day.

Spend not an hour so, as to weep another,  
For rears are not thine own ; If thou giv'st words  
Dash not thy *friend*, nor *Heav'n* ; O smother  
A vip'rous thought ; some *Syllables* are *Swords*.  
Unbitted tongues are in their penance double,  
They shame their *owners*, and the *bearers* trouble.

Injure not modest bloud, whose *spirits* rise  
In judgement against *Lewdness* ; that's base wit  
That voyds but *silt*, and *stench*. Hast thou no prize  
But *sickness*, or *Infection* ? stifle it.  
Who makes his jests of sins, must be at least  
If not a very *devill*, worse than a *Beast*.

Yet, fly no friend, if he be such indeed,  
But meet to quench his *Longings*, and thy *Thirst* ;  
Allow your Joyes *Religion* ; That done, speed  
And bring the same man back, thou wert all first. at  
Who so returns not, cannot pray aright,  
But thuts his door, and leaves God out all night.

To highten thy *Devotions*, and keen low  
 All mutinous thoughts, what business'e'r thou hast  
 Observe God in his works ; here *fountains* flow,  
*Birds* sing, *Beasts* feed, *Fish* leap, and th' *Earth* stands fast;  
 Above are restless *motions*, running *Lights*,  
 Vast Circling *Azure*, giddy *Clouds*, days, nights.

When *Seasons* change, then lay before thine Eys  
 His wondrous *Method* ; mark the various *Scenes*  
 In heav'n ; *Hail*, *Thunder*, *Rain-bows*, *Snow*, and *Ice*,  
*Calmes*, *Tempests*, *Light*, and *darknes* by his means ;  
 Thou canst not misse his Praise; Each *tree*, *herb*, *flowre*  
 Are shadows of his *wisedome*, and his Pow'r.

To *meales* when thou doest come, give him the praise  
 Whose *Arm* supply'd thee ; Take what may suffice,  
 And then be thankful ; O admire his ways  
 Who fills the worlds unempty'd granaries !  
 A thankles feeder is a *Theif*, his feast  
 A very *Robbery*, and himself no *guest*.

High-noon thus past, thy time decays ; provide  
 Thee other thoughts ; Away with friends, and mirth ;  
 The Sun now stoops, and hafts his beams to hide  
 Under the dark, and melancholy Earth.  
 All but preludes thy End. Thou art the man  
 Whose *Rise*, *hight*, and *Descent* is but a span.

Yet, set as he doth, and 'tis well. Have all  
 Thy Beams home with thee ; trim thy *Lamp*, buy *Oyl* ,  
 And then set forth ; who is thus drest, The *Pall*  
 Furthers his glory, and gives death the foyl.  
 Man is a *Summers day* ; whose *youth*, and *fire*  
 Cool to a glorions *Evening*, and Expire.

When night comes, list thy deeds ; make plain the way  
 Twixt Heaven, and thee ; block it not with delays.  
 Bur perfect all before thou sleep'st ; Then say  
 Ther's one *Sun* more strung on my *Bend* of days.

What's

What's good score up for Joy; The bad wel scann'd  
Wash off with tears, and get thy *Masters* hand.

Thy Accounts thus made, spend in the grave one houre  
Before thy time; Be not a stranger there  
Where thou may'st sleep whole ages; Lifes poor flowr  
Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad spirits fear  
This Coverfat ion; But the good man lyes  
Intomb'd many days before he dyes.

Being laid. and drest for sleep, Close not thy Eys  
Up with thy Curtains; Give thy soul the wing  
In some good thoughts; So when the day shall rise  
And thou *unrak'st* thy fire, those sparks will bring  
New flames; Besides where these lodge vain *heats* mourn  
And die; That *Bush* where God is, shall not burn.

When thy *Nap's* over, stir thy fire, unrake  
In that *dead age*; one beam i'th' dark outvies  
Two in the day; Then from the *Damps*, and *Ake*  
Of night shut up thy *leaves*, be Chast; God prys  
Through thickest nights; Though then the Sun be far  
Do thou the works of *Day*, and rise a *Star*.

Briefly, *Doe as thou would'st be done unto,*  
*Love God, and Love thy Neighbour; watch, and Pray.*  
These are the *words*, and *works* of life; This do,  
And live; who doth not thus, hath lost *Heav'ns way*  
O lose it not! look up, wilt Change those *Lights*  
For *Chzins* of *Darknes*, and *Eternal Nights*?

## Corruption.

Sure, It was so. Man in those early days  
 Was not all stone, and Earth,  
 He shin'd a little, and by those weak Rays  
 Had some glimpse of his birth.  
 He saw Heaven o'r his head, and knew from whence  
 He came (condemned,) hither,  
 And, as first Love draws strongest, so from hence  
 His mind sure progress'd thither.  
 Things here were strange unto him : Swet, and till  
 All was a thorn, or weed,  
 Nor did those last, but (like himself,) dyed still  
 As soon as they did *Seed*,  
 They seem'd to quarrel with him ; for that Act  
 That fel him, foyl'd them all,  
 He drew the Curse upon the world, and Crackt  
 The whole frame with his fall.  
 This made him long for *home*, as loath to stay  
 With murmurers, and foes;  
 He sigh'd for *Eden*, and would often say  
*Ab ! what bright days were those ?*  
 Nor was Heav'n cold unto him ; for each day  
 The vally, or the Mountain  
 Afforded visits, and still *Paradise* lay  
 In some green shade, or fountain.  
 Angels lay *Leiger* here ; Each Bush, and Cel,  
 Each Oke, and high-way knew them,  
 Walk but the fields, or sit down at some *wil*,  
 And he was sure to view them.  
 Almighty *Love* ! where art thou now ? mad man  
 Sits down, and freezerh on,  
 He raves, and swears to stir nor fire, nor far  
 But bids the thread be spun.

I see, thy Currains are Close-drawn ; Thy bow  
 Looks dim too in the Cloud,  
 Sin triumphs still, and man is sunk below  
 The Center, and his shroud ;  
 All's in deep sleep, and night ; Thick darknes lyes  
 And hatcherh o'r thy people ;  
 But hark ! what trumpets that ? what Angel cries  
*Arise ! Thrust in thy sickle.*

---

## H. Scriptures.

WElcome dear book, souls Joy, and food ! The feast  
 Of Spirits, Heav'n extracted lyes in thee ;  
 Thou art lifes Charter, The Doves spotless neast  
 Where souls are hatch'd unto Eternitie.

In thee the hidden stone, the *Manna* lies,  
 Thou art the great *Elixir*, rare, and Choice ;  
 The Key that opens to all Mysteries,  
 The *word* in Characters, God in the *Voice*.

O that I had deep Cut in my hard heart  
 Each line in thee ! Then would I plead in groans  
 Of my Lords penning, and by sweetest Art  
 Return upon himself the *Law*, and *Stones*.  
 Read here, my faults are thine. This Book, and I  
 Will tell thee so ; *Sweet Saviour thou didst dye !*

Unprofitablenes

## Unprofitableness.

**H**ow rich, O Lord ! how fresh thy visits are !  
 'Twas but Just now my bleak leaves hopeless hung  
     Sully'd with dust and mud ;  
 Each snarling blast shot through me, and did share  
 Their Youth, and beauty, Cold showres nipt, and wrung  
     Their spiciness, and bloud ;  
 But since thou didst in one sweet glance survey  
 Their sad decays, I flourish, and once more  
     Breath all perfumes, and spice ;  
 I smell a dew like *Myrrh*, and all the day  
 Wear in my bosome a full Sun ; such store  
     Hath one beame from thy Eys.  
 But, ah, my God ! what fruit hast thou of this ?  
 What one poor leaf did ever I yet fall  
     To wait upon thy wreath ?  
 Thus thou all day a thankless weed doest dress,  
 And when th' hast done, a stench, or fog is all  
     The odour I bequeath.

---

## CHRIST'S

## Nativity.

**A**Wake, glad heart ! get up, and Sing,  
 It is the Birth-day of thy King,  
     Awake ! awake !  
     The Sun doth shake  
 Light from his locks, and all the way  
 Breathing Perfumes, doth spice the day

Awake

## 2.

Awak, awak! heark, how th' *wood* rings,  
*winds* whisper, and the busie *springs*

A Confort make ;

A wake, awake !

Man is their high-priest, and should rise  
 To offer up the sacrifice.

## 3.

I would I were some *Bird*, or *Star*,  
 Flutt'ring in woods, or lifted far

Above this *Inne*

And Rode of sin !

Then either *Star*, or *Bird*, should be  
 Shining, or singing still to thee.

## 4.

I would I had in my best part  
 Fit Roomes for thee ! or that my heart

Were so clean as

Thy manger was !

But I am all filth, and obscene,

Yet, if thou wilt, thou canst make clean.

## 5.

Sweet *Jesu* ! will then ; Let no more  
 This Leper haunt, and soyl thy door,

Cure him, Ease him

O release him !

And let once more by mystick birth  
 The Lord of life be borne in Earth.

## I I.

**H**ow kind is heav'n to man ! If here  
 One sinner doth amend  
 Strait there is Joy, and ev'ry sphere  
 In musick doth Contend ;  
 And shall we then no voices lift ?  
 Are mercy, and salvation  
 Not worth our thanks ? Is life a gift  
 Of no more acceptation ?  
 Shal he that did come down from thence,  
 And here for us was slain,  
 Shal he be now cast off ? no sense  
 Of all his woes remain ?  
 Can neither Love, nor suft'rings bind ?  
 Are we all stone, and Earth ?  
 Neither his bloody passions mind,  
 Nor one day bleffe his birth ?  
 Alas, my God ! Thy birth now here  
 Must not be numbred in the year.

---

## The Check.

**P**Eace, peace ! I blush to hear thee ; when thou art  
 A dusty story  
 A speechlesse heap, and in the midst my heart  
 In the same livery drest  
 Lyes tame as all the rest ;  
 When six years thence digg'd up, some youthfull Eie  
 Seeks there for Symmetry  
 But finding none, shal leave thee to the wind,  
 Or the next foot to Crush,  
 Scatt'ring thy kind  
 And humble dust, tell then dear flesh  
 Where is thy glory ?

As

2.

As he that in the midst of day Expects  
 The hideous night,  
 Sleeps not, but shaking off sloth, and neglects,  
 Works with the Sun, and sets  
 Paying the day its debts ;  
 That (for Repose, and darknes bound,) he might  
 Rest from the fears i'th' night ;  
 So should we too. All things teach us to die  
 And point us out the way  
 While we passe by  
 And mind it not ; play not away  
 Thy glimpse of light.

3.

View thy fore-runners : Creatures giv'n to be  
 Thy youths Companions,  
 Take their leave, and die ; Birds, beasts, each tree  
 All that have growth, or breath  
 Have one large language, *Death*.  
 O then play not ! but strive to him, who Can  
 Make these sad shades pure Sun,  
 Turning their mists to beams, their damps to day,  
 Whose pow'r doth so excell  
 As to make Clay  
 A spirit, and true glory dwell  
 In dust, and stones.

4.

Heark, how he doth Invite thee ! with what voice  
 Of Love, and sorrow  
 He begs, and Calls ; *O that in these thy days*  
 Thou knew'st but thy own good !  
 Shall not the Cry of blood,  
 Of Gods own blood awake thee ? He bids beware  
 Of drunknes, surfeits, Care,  
 But thou sleep'st on ; wher's now thy protestation,  
 Thy Lines, thy Love ? Away,  
 Redeem the day,  
 The day that gives no observation,  
 Perhaps to morrow.

Disorder

Disorder *and* frailty.

WHEN first thou didst even from the grave  
 And womb of darknes becken out  
 My brutish soul, and to thy slave  
 Becam'st thy self, both guide, and Scout ;  
     Even from that hour  
 Thou gorst my heart ; And though here tost  
 By winds, and bit with frost  
     I pine, and shrink  
     Breaking the link  
 'Twixt thee, and me ; And oftimes creep  
 Into th' old silence, and dead sleep,  
     Quitting thy way  
     All the long day,  
 Yet, sure, my God ! I love thee most.  
     *Alas, thy love !*

## 2.

I threaten heaven, and from my Cell  
 Of Clay, and frailty break, and bud  
 Touch'd by thy fire, and breath ; Thy blood  
 Too, is my Dew, and springing wel.  
     But while I grow  
 And stretch to thee, ayming at all  
     Thy stars, and spangled hall,  
     Each fly doth tast  
     Poyson, and blast  
 My yielding leaves ; sometimes a showr  
 Beats them quite off, and in an hour  
     Not one poor shoot  
     But the bare root  
 Hid under ground survives the fall.  
     *Alas, frail weed !*

E

Thus

3.

Thus like some sleeping Exhalation  
 (Which wak'd by heat, and beams, makes up  
 Unto that Comforter, the Sun,  
 And soars, and shines ; But e'r we sup  
     And walk two steps  
 Cool'd by the damps of night, descends,  
     And, whence it sprung, there ends )  
 Doth my weak fire  
     Pine, and retire,  
 And (after all my hight of flames,) )  
 In sickly Expirations tames  
     Leaving me dead  
     On my first bed  
 Untill thy Sun again ascends.  
     *Poor, falling Star!*

4.

*yes!*  
 O, is ! but give wings to my fire,  
 And hatch my soul, untill it fly  
 Up where thou art, amongst thy tire  
 Of Stars, above Infirmity ;  
     Let not perverse,  
 And foolish thoughts adde to my Bil  
     Of forward fins, and Kil  
     That seed, which thou  
     In me didst sow,  
 But dresse, and water with thy grace  
 Together with the seed, the place ,  
     And for his sake  
     Who died to stake  
 His life for mine, tune to thy will  
     My heart, my verse.

Hosea Cap. 6. ver. 4.

*O Ephraim what shall I do unto thee O Judah how shall  
 intreat thee ? for thy goodness is as a morning Cloud, and  
 the early Dew it geeth away.*

## Idle Verse.

GO, go, quaint folies, sugred sin,  
 Shadow no more my door ;  
 I will no longer Cobwebs spin,  
 I'm too much on the score.

For since amidst my youth, and night,  
 My great preserver smiles,  
 Wee'l make a Match, my only light,  
 And Joyn against their wiles ;

Blind, desp'rate fits, that study how  
 To dresse, and trim our shame,  
 That gild rank poyson, and allow  
 Vice in a fairer name ;

The Purles of youthfull bloud, and bowles,  
 Lust in the Robes of Love,  
 The idle talk of feav'rish souls  
 Sick with a scarf, or glove ;

Let it suffice my warmer days  
 Simper'd, and shin'd on you,  
 Twist not my Cypresse with your Bays,  
 Or Roses with my Yewgh ;

Go, go, seek out some greener thing,  
 It snows, and freezeth here ;  
 Let Nightingales attend the spring,  
 Winter is all my year.



## Repentance.

**L**ord, since thou didst in this vile Clay  
 That sacred Ray  
 Thy spirit plant, quickning the whole  
 With that one grains Infused wealth,  
 My forward flest creapt on, and subtly stole  
 Both growth, and power; Checking the health  
 And heat of thine : That little gate  
 And narrow way, by which to thee  
 The Passage is, He term'd a grate  
 And Entrance to Captivitie ;  
 Thy laws but nets, where some small birds  
 (And those but seldome too) were caught,  
 Thy Promises but empty words  
 Which none but Children heard, or taught.  
 This I believed : And though a friend  
 Came oft from far, and whisper'd, *No* ;  
 Yet that not sorting to my end  
 I wholly listen'd to my foe.  
 Wherefore, pierc'd through with grief, my sad  
 Seduced soul sighs up to thee,  
 To thee who with true light art Clad  
 And seest all things just as they be.  
 Look from thy throne upon this Rowl  
 Of heavy sins, my high transgressions,  
 Which I Contesse withall my soul,  
 My God, Accept of my Confession.

It was last day  
 (Touch'd with the guilt of my own way)  
 I sate alone, and taking up  
 The bitter Cup,  
 Through all thy fair, and various store  
 Sought out what might outvie my score.

The blades of gtaste, thy Creatures feeding,  
 The trees, their leafs ; the flowres, their feeding,  
 The

The Dust, of which I am a part,  
 The Stones much softer than my heart,  
 The drops of rain, the sighs of wind,  
 The Stars to which I am stark blind,  
 The Dew thy herbs drink up by night,  
 The beams they warm them at i'th light,  
 All that have signature or life,  
 I summon'd to decide this strife,  
 And lest I should lack for Arrears,  
 A spring ran by, I told her tears,  
 But when these came unto the scale,  
 My sins alone outweigh'd them all.

O my dear God ! my life, my love !  
 Most blessed lamb ! and mildest dove !  
 Forgive your penitent Offender,  
 And no more his sins remember,  
 Scatter these shades of death, and give  
 Light to my soul, that it may live ;  
 Cut me not off for my transgressions,  
 Wilful rebellions, and suppressions,  
 But give them in those streams a part  
 Whose spring is in my Saviours heart.  
 Lord, I confesse the heynous score,  
 And pray, I may do so no more,  
 Though then all sinners I exceed  
 O think on this ; *Thy Son did bleed* ;  
 O call to mind his wounds, his woes,  
 His Agony, and bloody throws ;  
 Then look on all that thou hast made,  
 And mark how they do fail, and fade,  
 The heavens themselves, though fair and bright  
 Are dark, and unclean in thy sight,  
 How then, with thee, Can man be holy  
 Who doest thine Angels charge with folly  
 O what am I, that I should breed  
 Figs on a thorne, flowres on a weed !  
 I am the gourd of sin, and sorrow  
 Growing o'r night, and gone to morrow.

In all this *Round* of life and death  
 Nothing's more vile than is my breath,  
 Profanenes on my tongue doth rest,  
 Defects, and darknes in my brest,  
 Pollutions all my body wed,  
 And even my soul to thee is dead,  
 Only in him, on whom I feast,  
 Both soul, and body are well drest,  
     His pure perfection quits all score,  
     And fills the Boxes of his poor;  
 He is the Center of long life, and light,  
 I am but finite, He is Infinite,  
 O let thy *Justice* then in him Confine,  
 And through his merits, make thy mercy mine!

---

### The B U R I A L Of an Infant.

**B**Left Infant Bud, whose Blossome-life  
 Did only look about, and fal,  
 Wearyed out in a harmles strife  
 Of tears, and milk, the food of all;

Sweetly didst thou expire: Thy soul  
 Flew home unstain'd by his new kin,  
 For ere thou knew'st how to be foul,  
 Death *mean'd* thee from the world, and sin.

Softly rest all thy Virgin-Crums!  
 Lapt in the sweets of thy young breath,  
 Expecting till thy Saviour Comes  
 To *dresse* them, and *unswadle* death.

## Faith.

**B**Right, and blest beame ! whose strong projection  
 Equall to all,  
 Reacheth as well things of dejection  
 As th' high, and tall ;  
 How hath my God by raying thee  
 Inlarg'd his spouse,  
 And of a private familie  
 Made open house ?  
 All may be now Co-heirs; no noise  
 Of *Bond*, or *Eree*  
 Can Interdict us from those Joys  
 That wait on thee ,  
 The Law, and Ceremonies made  
 A glorious night,  
 Where Stars, and Clouds, both light, and shade  
 Had equal right ;  
 But, as in nature, when the day  
 Breaks , night adjourns,  
 Stars shut up shop, mists pack away,  
 And the Moon mourns ;  
 So when the Sun of righteousness  
 Did once appear,  
 That Scene was chang'd, and a new dresse  
 Left for us here;  
 Veiles became useles, Altars fel,  
 Fires smoking die ;  
 And all that sacred pomp, and shew  
 Of things did flie ;  
 Then did he shine forth, whose sad fall,  
 And bitter fights  
 Were figur'd in those mystical,  
 And Cloudie Rites ;

And

And as i'th' natural Sun, these three,  
*Light, motion, heat,*  
 So are now *Faith, Hope, Charity*  
 Through him Compleat ;  
 Faith spans up blisse ; what sin, and death  
 Put us quite from,  
 Lest we should run for't out of breath,  
 Faith brings us home ;  
 So that I need no more; bue say  
*I do believe,*  
 And my most loving Lord straitway  
 doth answer, *Live.*

### The Dawning.

AH ! what time wilt thou come ? when shall that crie  
 The *Bridegroom's Comming* ! fil the sky ?  
 Shall it in the Evening run  
 When our words and works are done ?  
 Or wil thy all-surprizing light  
 Break at midnight ?  
 When either sleep, or some dark pleasure  
 Possesseth mad man without measure ;  
 Or shal these early, fragrant hours  
 Unlock thy bowres ?  
 And with their blush of light descry  
 Thy locks crown'd with eternitie ;  
 Indeed, it is the only time  
 That with thy glory doth best chime,  
 All now are stirring, ev'ry field  
 Ful hymns doth yield,  
 The whole Creation shakes off night,  
 And for thy thadow looks the light,  
 Stars now vanish without number,  
 Sleepie Planets set, and slumber,

The

The purple Clouds disband, and scatter,  
 All expect some sudden matter,  
 Not one beam triumphs, but from far  
     That morning-star ;

O at what time soever thou  
 (Unknown to us,) the heavens wilt bow,  
 And, with thy Angels in the *Van*,  
 Descend to judge poor careless man,  
 Grant, I may not like puddle lie  
 In a Corrupt securitie,  
 Where, if a traveller water crave,  
 He finds it drend, and in a grave ;  
 But as this restless, vocall *Spring*  
 All day, and night doth run, and sing,  
 And though here born, yet is acquainted  
 Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted ;  
 So let me all my busie age  
 In thy free services ingage,  
 And though (while here) of force I must  
 Have Commerce somtimes with poor dust,  
 And in my flesh, though vile, and low,  
 As this doth in her Channel, flow,  
 Yet let my Course, my aym, my Love,  
 And chief acquaintance be above ;  
 So when that day, and hour shal come  
 In which thy self will be the Sun,  
 Thou'lt find me drest and on my way,  
 Watching the Break of thy great day.

---

Admission.

Admission.

How shril are silent tears? when sin got head  
And all my Bowels turn'd  
To braise, and iron ; when my stock lay dead,  
And all my powers mourn'd;  
Then did these drops ( for Marble sweats,  
And Rocks have tears,)  
As rain here at our windows beats,  
Chide in thine Ears ;

2.

No quiet couldst thou have : nor didst thou wink,  
And let thy Begger lie,  
But e'r my eies could overflow their brink  
Didst to each drop reply ;  
Bowels of Love ! at what low rate,  
And slight a price  
Dost thou relieve us at thy gate,  
And stil our Cries ?

3.

Wee are thy Infants, and suck thee ; If thou  
But hide, or turn thy face,  
Because where thou art, yet, we cannot go,  
We fend tears to the place,  
These find thee out, and though our sins  
Drove thee away,  
Yet with thy love that absence wins  
Us double pay.

4.

O give me then a thankful heart ! a heart  
After thy own, not mine ;  
So after thine, that all, and ev'ry part  
Of mine, may wait on thine ;

O hear ! yet not my tears alone,  
 Hear now a flood,  
 A flood that drowns both tears, and grones,  
 My Saviours blood.

---

### Praise.

**K**ing of Comforts ! King of life !  
 Thou hast cheer'd me,  
 And when fears, and doubts were rise,  
 Thou hast cleer'd me !

Not a nook in all my Breast  
 But thou fill'st it,  
 Not a thought, that breaks my rest,  
 But thou kill'st it ;

Wherefore with my utmost strength  
 I wil praise thee,  
 And as thou giv'st line, and length,  
 I wil raise thee ;

Day, and night, not once a day  
 I will blesse thee,  
 And my soul in new array  
 I will dresse thee ;

Not one minute in the year  
 But I'l mind thee,  
 As my seal, and bracelet here  
 I wil bind thee ;

In thy word, as if in heaven  
 I wil rest me,  
 And thy promise 'til made even  
 There shall feast me.

Then

Then, thy sayings all my life  
    They shal please me,  
And thy bloody wounds, and strife  
    They wil ease me ;

With thy grones my daily breath  
    I will measure,  
And my life hid in thy death  
    I will treasure.

    Though then thou art  
    Past thought of heart  
All perfect fulness,  
    And canst no whit  
    Accessse admit  
From dust and dulness ;

    Yet to thy name  
    ( as not the same  
With thy bright Essence,)  
    Our foul, Clay hands  
    At thy Commands  
Bring praise, and Incense ;

    If then, dread Lord,  
    When to thy board  
Thy wretch comes begging,  
    He hath a flowre  
    Or ( to his pow'r, )  
Some such poor Off'ring ;

    When thou hast made  
    Thy begger glad,  
And fill'd his bosome,  
    Let him (though poor,)  
    Strow at thy door  
That one poor Blossome.

Dressing.

## Dressing.

O Thou that lovest a pure, and whitend soul !  
 That feedst among the Lillies, 'till the day  
 Break, and the shadows flee · touch with one Coal  
 My frozen heart ; and with thy secret key

Open my desolate rooms ; my gloomie Brest  
 With thy cleer fire refine, burning to dust  
 These dark Confusions that within me nest,  
 And soyl thy Temple with a sinful rust.

Thou holy, harmless, undefil'd high-priest !  
 The perfect, ful oblation for all sin,  
 Whose glorious conquest nothing can resist,  
 But even in babes doest triumph still and win,

Give to thy wretched one  
 Thy mysticall *Communion*,  
 That, absent, he may see,  
 Live, die, and rise with thee ;  
 Let him so follow here, that in the end  
 He may take thee, as thou doest him intend.

Give him thy private seal,  
 Earnest, and sign ; Thy gifts so deal  
 That these forerunners here  
 May make the future cleer ;  
 Whatever thou dost bid, let faith make good,  
 Bread for thy body, and Wine for thy blood  
 Give him (with pittty) love,  
 Two flowres that grew with thee above  
 Love that shal not admit  
 Anger for one shorr fit,  
 And pittty of such a divine extent  
 That may thy members, more than mine, resent.

Give

Give me, my God! thy grace,  
 The beams, and brightnes of thy face,  
 That never like a beast  
 I take thy sacred feast,  
 Or the dread mysteries of thy blest bloud  
 Use, with like Custome, as my Kitchin food.  
 Some sit to thee, and eat  
 Thy body as their Common meat,  
 O let not me do so!  
 Poor dust should ly still low,  
 Then kneel my soul, and body; kneel, and bow;  
 If *Saints*, and *Angels* tal down, much more thou.

---

### Easter-day.

THou, whose sad heart, and weeping head lyes low,  
 Whose Cloudy brest cold dampns invade,  
 Who never feel'st the Sun, nor smooth'st thy brow,  
 But sitt'st oppressed in the shade,  
 Awake, awake,  
 And in his Resurrection partake,  
 Who on this day (that thou might'st rise as he,)  
 Rose up, and cancell'd two deaths due to thee.

Awake, awake; and, like the Sun, disperse  
 All mists that would usurp this day;  
 Where are thy Palmes, thy branches, and thy verve?  
*Hosanna!* heark; why dost thou stay?  
 Arise, arise,  
 And with his healing bloud anoint thine Eys,  
 Thy inward Eys; his bloud will cure thy mind  
 Whose spittle only could restore the blind.

Easter

## Easter Hymn.

**D**Eath, and darkness get you packing,  
 Nothing now to man is lacking,  
 All your triumphs now are ended,  
 And what *Adam* marr'd, is mended ;  
 Graves are beds now for the weary,  
 Death a nap, to wake more merry ;  
 Youth now, full of pious duty,  
 Seeks in thee for perfect beauty,  
 The weak, and aged tir'd, with length  
 Of daies, from thee look for new strength,  
 And Infants with thy pangs Contest  
 As pleasant, as if with the brest ;  
 Then, unto him, who thus hath thrown  
 Even to Contempt thy kingdome down,  
 And by his blood did us advance  
 Unto his own Inheritance,  
 To him be glory, power, praise,  
 From this, unto the last of daies.

---

## The Holy Communion.

**W**elcome sweet, and sacred feast ; welcome life  
 Dead I was, and deep in trouble ;  
 But grace, and blessings came with thee so rife,  
 That they have quicken'd even drie stubble ;  
 Thus soules their bodies animate,  
 And thus, at first, when things were rude,  
 Dark, void, and Crude  
 They, by thy Word, their beauty had, and date ;  
 All were by thee,  
 And stil must be,

Nothing

Nothing that is, or lives,  
But hath his Quicknings, and reprieves  
As thy hand opes, or shuts ;  
Healings, and Cuts,  
Darkness, and day-light, life, and death  
Are but neer leaves turn'd by thy breath.  
Spirits without thee die,  
And blackness sits  
On the divinest wits,  
As on the Sun Ecclipses lie.  
But that great darkness at thy death  
When the veyl broke with thy last breath,  
Did make us see  
The way to thee ;  
And now by these sure, sacred ties,  
After thy blood  
(Our sov'rain good,)  
Had clear'd our eies,  
And given us sight ;  
Thou dost unto thy self betroth  
Our souls, and bodies both  
In everlasting light:

Was't not enough that thou hadst paid the price  
And given us eies  
When we had none, but thou must also take  
Us by the hand  
And keep us still awake,  
When we would sleep,  
Or from thee creep,  
Who without thee cannot stand :

Was't not enough to lose thy breath  
And blood by an accursed death.  
But thou must also leave  
To us that did bereave  
Thee of them both, these seals the means  
That should both cleanse

And keep us so,  
 Who wrought thy wo?  
 O rose of *Saron*! O the Lilly  
 Of the valley!  
 How art thou now, thy flock to keep,  
 Become both *food*, and *Shepherd* to thy sheep!

---

## Psalm 121.

UP to those bright, and gladsome hills  
 Whence flows my weal, and mirth,  
 I look, and sigh for him, who sits  
 (Unseen,) both heaven, and earth.

He is alone my help, and hope,  
 that I shall not be moved,  
 His watchful Eye is ever ope,  
 And guardeth his beloved;

The glorious God is my sole stay,  
 He is my Sun, and shade,  
 The cold by night, the heat by day,  
 Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me from the spite of foes,  
 Doth all their plots controul,  
 And is a shield (not reckoning those)  
 Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad, amidst the Crowd,  
 Or els within my door,  
 He is my Pillar, and my Cloud,  
 Now, and for evermore.

## Affliction.

**P**Eace, peace ; It is not so. Thou doest miscall  
 Thy Physick ; Pils that change  
 Thy sick Accessions into settled health,  
 This is the great *Elixir* that turns gall  
 To wine, and sweetness; Poverty to wealth,  
 And brings man home, when he doth range.  
 Did not he, who ordain'd the day,  
     Ordain night too ?  
 And in the greater world display  
 What in the lesser. he would do ?  
 All flesh is Clay, thou know'st ; and but that God  
     Doth use his rod,  
 And by a fruitfull Change of frosts, and showres  
     Cherish, and bind thy *pow'rs*,  
 Thou wouldst to weeds, and thistles quite disperse,  
 And be more wild than is thy verte ;  
 Sicknes is wholsome, and Crosses are but curbs  
 To check the mule, unruly man,  
 They are heavens husbandry, the famous fan  
 Purging the floor which Chaff' disturbs.  
 Were all the year one constant Sun-shine, wee  
     should have no flowres,  
 All would be drought, and leanness ; not a tree  
     would make us bowres ;  
 Beauty consists in colours ; and that's best  
 Which is not fixt, but flies, and flowes  
 The settled *Red* is dull, and *whites* that rest  
 Something of sickness would disclose.  
     Vicissitude plaies all the game,  
         nothing that stirrs,  
     Or hath a name,  
     But waits upon this wheel,  
 Kingdomes too have their Physick and for steel,  
     Exchange their peace, and furs.

Thus doth God *Key* disorder'd man  
 (which none else can,)  
 Tuning his brest to rise, or fall;  
 And by a sacred, needfull art  
 Like strings, stretch ev'ry part  
 Making the whole most Muscally.

---

### The Tempest.

**H**ow is man parcell'd out? how ev'ry hour  
 Shews him himself, or something he should see?  
 This late, long heat may his Instruction be,  
 And tempests have more in them than a showr.

*When nature on her bosome saw  
 Her Infants die,  
 And all her flowres wither'd to straw,  
 Her brests grown dry;  
 She made the Earth their nurse, & tomb,  
 Sigh to the sky,  
 'Til to those sighes fetch'd from her womb  
 Rain did reply,  
 So in the midst of all her fears  
 And faint requests  
 Her Earnest sighes procur'd her tears  
 And fill'd her brests.*

O that man could do so! that he would hear  
 The world read to him! all the vast expence  
 In the Creation shed, and slav'd to sence  
 Makes up but lectures for his eie, and ear.

Sure, mighty love foreseeing the discent  
 Of this poor Creature, by a gracious art  
 Hid in these low things snares to gain his heart,  
 And layd surprizes in each Element.

All things here shew him heaven, *Waters* that fall  
 Chide, and fly up; *Mists* of corruptest some  
 Quit their first beds & mount; trees, herbs, flowres, all  
 Strive upwards stil, and point him the way home.

How do they cast off grossness? only *Earth*,  
 And *Man* (like *Iffachar*) in lodes delight,  
 Water's refin'd to *Motion*, Aire to *Light*, \* *Light*,  
 Fire to all \* three, but man hath no such mirth. \* *Motion*,  
heat.

*Plants* in the *root* with *Earth* do most Comply,  
 Their *Leafs* with water, and humiditie,  
 The *Flowres* to air draw neer, and Tubtiltie,  
 And *seeds* a kinred fire have with the sky.

All have their *keyes*, and set *ascents*; but man  
 Though he knows these, and hath more of his own,  
 Sleeps at the ladders foot; alas! what can  
 These new discoveries do, except they drown?

Thus groveling in the shade, and darkness, he  
 Sinks to a dead oblivion; and though all  
 He sees, (like *Pyramids*,) shoot from this ball  
 And less'ning still grow up invisibly,

Yet hugs he stil his durt; The *busse* he wears  
 And painted trimming takes down both his eies,  
 Heaven hath less beauty than the dust he splees,  
 And money better musick than the *Spheres*.

Life's but a blast, he knows it; what? shal straw,  
 And bul-rush-fetters temper his short hout.  
 Must he nor sip, nor sing? grows ne'r a slowt  
 To crown his temples? shal dreams be his law

O foolish man! how hast thou lost thy sight?  
 How is it that the Sun to thee alone  
 Is grown thick darkness, and thy bread, a stone?  
 Hath flesh no softness now? mid-day no light?

Lord ! thou didst put a soul here ; If I must  
 Be broke again, for flints will give no fire  
 Without a steel, O let thy power clear  
 Thy gift once more, and grind this flint to dust !

---

### Retirement.

Who on yon throne of Azure sits,  
 Keeping close house  
 Above the morning-starre,  
 Whose meaner shewes,  
 And outward utensils these glories are  
 That shine and share  
 Part of his mansion ; He one day  
 When I went quite astray  
 Out of meer love  
 By his mild Dove  
 Did shew me home, and put me in the way.

#### 2.

Let it suffice at length thy fits  
 And lusts ( said he,)  
 Have had their wish, and way ;  
 Presse not to be  
 Still thy own foe, and mine ; for to this day  
 I did delay,  
 And would not see, but chose to wink,  
 Nay, at the very brink  
 And edge of all  
 When thou wouldst fall  
 My *love-twist* held thee up, my *unseen link*.

3.

I know thee well ; for I have fram'd  
 And hate thee not,  
 Thy spirit too is mine ;  
 I know thy lot,  
 Extent, and end, for my hands drew the line  
 Assigned thine ;  
 If then thou would'st unto my seat,  
 'Tis not th' applause, and feat  
 Of dust, and clay  
 Leads to that way,  
 But from those follies a resolv'd Retreat.

4.

Now here below where yet unram'd  
 Thou doest thus rove  
 I have a house as well  
 As there above,  
 In it my *Name*, and *honour* both do dwell  
 And shall untill  
 I make all new ; there nothing gay  
 In perfumes, or Array,  
 Dust lies with dust  
 And hath but just  
 The same Respect, and room, with ev'ry clay.

5.

A faithful school where thou maist see  
 In Heraldric  
 Of stones, and speechless Earth  
 Thy true descent ;  
 Where dead men preach, who can turn feasts, and mitth  
 To funerals, and *Lent*.  
 There dust that out of doors might fill  
 Thy eies, and blind thee still,  
 Is fast asleep ;  
 Up then, and keep  
 Within those doors, (my doors) dost hear ? *I will*.

## Love, and Discipline.

Since in a land not barren stil  
 (Because thou dost thy grace distil,)  
 My lott is faln, Blest be thy will !

And since these biting frosts but kil  
 Some tares in me which choke, or spil  
 That seed thou sow'ft, Blest be thy skil !

Blest be thy Dew, and blest thy frost,  
 And happy I to be so crost,  
 And cur'd by Crosses at thy cost.

The Dew doth Cheer what is distrest,  
 The frosts ill weeds nip, and molest,  
 In both thou work'ft unto the best.

Thus while thy sev'ral mercies plot,  
 And work on me now cold, now hot,  
 The work goes on, and slacketh not.

For as thy hand the weather steers,  
 So thrive I best, 'twixt joyes, and tears,  
 And all the year have some grean Ears.

## The Pilgrimage.

AS travellours when the twilight's come,  
 And in the sky the stars appear,  
 The past daies accidents do summe  
 With, *Thus wee saw there, and thus here.*

Then

Then *Jacob*-like lodge in a place  
 ( A place, and no more, is set down,)  
 Where till the day restore the race  
 They rest and dream homes of their own.

So for this night I linger here,  
 And full of tossings too and fro,  
 Expect stil when thou wilt appear  
 That I may get me up, and go.

I long, and grone, and grieve for thee,  
 For thee my words, my tears do gush,  
*O that I were but where I see!*  
 Is all the note within my Bush.

As Birds rob'd of their native wood,  
 Although their Diet may be fine,  
 Yet neither sing, nor like their food,  
 But with the thought of home do pine;

So do I mourn, and hang my head,  
 And though thou dost me fullnes give,  
 Yet look I for far better bread  
 Because by this man cannot live.

O feed me then ! and since I may  
 Have yet more days, more nights to Count,  
 So strengthen me, Lord, all the way,  
 That I may travel to thy Mount.

Heb. Cap. xi. ver. 13.

*And they Confessed, that they were strangers,  
 on the earth*

## The Law, and the Gospel.

LOrd, when thou didst on *Sinai* pitch  
 And shine from *Paran*, when a fire Law  
 Pronounc'd with thunder, and thy threats did thaw  
 Thy Peoples hearts, when all thy weeds were rich  
 And Inaccessible for light,  
     Terrour, and might,  
 How did poor flesh (which after thou didst weare,)  
     Then faint, and fear !  
 Thy Chosen flock, like leavs in a high wind,  
 Whispet'd obedience, and their heads Inclin'd.

2.

But now since we to *Sion* came,  
 And through thy bloud thy glory see,  
 With filial Confidence we touch ev'n thee ;  
 And where the other mount all clad in flame,  
     And threatening Clouds would not so much  
     As 'bide the touch,  
 We Climb up thie, and have too all the way  
     Thy hand our stay,  
 Nay, thou tak'st ours, and (which ful Comfort brings )  
 Thy Dove too bears us on her sacred wings.

3.

Yet since man is a very brute  
 And after all thy Acts of grace doth kick,  
 Slighting that health thou gav'st, when he was sick,  
 Be not displeas'd, If I, who have a sute  
     To thee each houre, beg at thy door  
     For this one more ;  
 O plant in me thy *Gospel*, and thy *Law*,  
     Both *Faith*, and *Awe* ;



## 2.

The darksome States-man hung with weights and woe  
 Like a thick midnight-fog mov'd there so slow  
     He did nor stay, nor go;  
 Condemning thoughts (like sad Ecclipses) scow  
     Upon his soul,  
 And Clouds of crying witnessess without  
     Pursued him with one snout.  
 Yet dig'd the Mole, and lest his ways be found  
     Workt under ground,  
 Where he did Clutch his prey, but one did see  
     That policie,  
 Churches and altars fed him, Perjuries  
     Were gnats and flies,  
 It rain'd about him bloud and tears, but he  
     Drank them as free.

## 3.

The fearfull miser on a heap of rust  
 Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust  
     His own hands with the dust,  
 Yet would not place one peece above, but lives  
     In feare of theeves.  
 Thousands there were as frantick as himself  
     And hug'd each one his pelf,  
 The down-right Epicute plac'd heav'n in sense  
     And scornd pretence  
 While others slipt into a wide Excesse  
     Said little lesse;  
 The weaker sort flight, triviali wares Inslave  
     Who think them brave,  
 And poor, despised truth sate Counting by  
     Their victory.

## 4.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,  
 And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the King,  
     But most would use no wing.  
 O fools (said I,) thus to prefer dark night  
     Before true light,  
 To live in grotts, and caves, and hate the day  
     Because it shews the way,  
 The way which from this dead and dark abode  
     Leads up to God,  
 A way where you might tread the Sun, and be  
     More bright than he.  
 But as I did their madnes so discusse  
     One whisper'd thus,  
*This Ring the Bride-groome did for none provide*  
     *But for his bride.*

John Cap. 2. ver. 16, 17.

*All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the  
 Eys, and the pride of life, is not of the father, but is of the  
 world.*

*And the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof, but he  
 that doth the will of God abideth for ever.*

## The Mutinie.

**W**Eary of this same Clay, and straw, I laid  
 Me down to breath, and casting in my heart  
 The after burthens, and griefs yet to come,  
     The heavy sum  
 So hook my brest, that (sick and sore dismai'd)  
 My thoughts, like water which some stone doth start

Did

Did quit their troubled Channel, and retire  
 Unto the banks, where, storming at those bounds,  
 They murmur'd fore ; But I, who felt them boyl  
     And knew their Coyl,  
 Turning to him, who made poor sand to tire  
 And tame proud waves, If yet these barren grounds  
     And thirstie brick must be (said I)  
     My taske, and Destinie,

## 2.

Let me so strive and struggle with thy foes  
 (Not thine alone, but mine too,) that when all  
 Their Arts and force are built unto the height  
     That Babel-weight  
 May prove thy glory, and their shame ; so Close  
 And knit me to thee, That though in this vale  
 Of sin and death I sojourn, yet one Eie  
 May look to thee, To thee the finisher  
 And Author of my faith ; so shew me home  
     That all this some  
 And frothie noise which up and down doth flie  
 May find no lodging in mine Eie, or Eare,  
     O seal them up ! that these may flie  
     Like other tempests by.

## 3.

Not but I know thou hast a shorter Cut  
 To bring me home, than through a wildernes,  
 A Sea, or Sands and Serpents , Yet since thou  
     (As thy words show )  
 Though in this desert I were wholly shut,  
 Canst light and lead me there with such redress  
 That no d cay shal touch me ; O be pleas'd  
 To fix my steps, and whatsoever path  
 Thy sacred and eternal wil decreed  
     For thy bruise d reed

O give it full obedience, that so seiz'd  
 Of all I have, I may not move thy wrath  
 Nor grieve thy Dove, but soft and mild  
 Both live and die thy Child.

Revel. Cap. 2. ver. 17.

*To him that overcometh wil I give to eat of the hidden  
 Manna, and I wil give him a white stone, and in the stone a  
 new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that  
 receiveth it.*

### The Constellation.

F Air, order'd lights (whose motion without noise  
 Resembles those true Joys  
 Whose spring is on that hil where you do grow  
 And we here tast sometimes below,)

With what exact obedience do you move  
 Now beneath, and now above,  
 And in your vast progressions overlook  
 The darkest night, and closest nook !

Some nights I see you in the glad some East,  
 Some others neer the West,  
 And when I cannot see, yet do you shine  
 And beat about your endles line.

Silence, and light, and watchfulnes with you  
 Attend and wind the Clue,  
 No sleep, nor sloth assailes you, but poor man  
 Still either sleeps, or slips his span.

He grops beneath here, and with restless Care  
 First makes, then hugs a snare,  
 Adores dead dust sets heart on Corne and grafs  
 But seldom doth make heav'n his gla's.

Musick

Musick and mirth (if there be musick here)  
 Take up, and tune his year,  
 These things are Kin to him, and must be had,  
 Who kneels, or sighs a life is mad.

Perhaps some nights hee'l watch with you, and peep  
 When it were best to sleep,  
 Dares know Effects, and Judge them long before,  
 When th' herb he treads knows much, much more.

But seeks he your *Obedience, Order, Light,*  
 Your calm and wel-train'd flight,  
 Where, though the glory differ in each star,  
 Yet is there peace still, and no war?

Since plac'd by him who calls you by your names  
 And fixt there all your flames,  
 Without Command you never acted ought  
 And then you in your Courses fought.

But here Commission'd by a black self-wil  
 The sons the father kil,  
 The Children Chase the mother, and would hea!  
 The wounds they give, by crying, zeale.

Then Cast her bloud, and tears upon thy book  
 Where they for fashion look,  
 And like that Lamb which had the Dragons voice  
 Seem mild, but are known by their noise.

Thus by our lusts disorder'd into wars  
 Our guides prove wandring stars,  
 Which for these mists, and black days were reserv'd,  
 What time we from our first love swerv'd.

Yet O for his sake who sits now by thee  
 All crown'd with victory,

So guide us through this Darknes, that we may  
Be more and more in love with day;

Settle, and fix our hearts, that we may move  
In order, peace, and love,  
And taught obedience by thy whole Creation,  
Become an humble, holy nation.

Give to thy spouse her perfect, and pure dress,  
*Beauty and holiness,*  
And so repair these Rents, that men may see  
And say, *where God is, all agree.*

## The Shepherds.

Sweet, harmles lives! (on whose holy leisure  
Waits Innocence and pleasure,)  
Whose leaders to those pastures, and cleer springs.  
Were *Patriarchs*, Saints, and Kings,  
How happend is that in the dead of night  
You only saw true light,  
While *Polestine* was fast a sleep, and lay  
Without one thought of Day?  
Was it because those first and blessed swains  
Were pilgrims on those plains  
When they receiv'd the promise, for which now  
'I was there first shown to you?  
Tis true, he loves that Dust whercon they go  
That serve him here below,  
And therefore might for memory of those  
His love there first disclose;  
But wretched *Salem* once his love, must now  
No voice, nor vision know,

G

Her

Her stately Piles with all their height and pride  
     Now languished and died,  
 And *Bethlems* humble Cott's above them steep  
     While all her Seers slept;  
 Her Cedar, firr, hew'd stones and gold were all  
     Polluted through their fall,  
 And those once sacred mansions were now  
     Meer empriness and show,  
 This made the Angel call at reeds and thatch,  
     Yet where the shepherds watch,  
 And Gods own lodging ( though he could not lack,)  
     To be a common *Rack*,  
 No costly pride, no soft-cloath'd luxurie  
     In those thin Cels could lie,  
 Each stirring wind and storm blew through their Cott's  
     Which never harbour'd plots,  
 Only Content, and love, and humble joys  
     Lived there without all noise,  
 Perhaps some harmless Cares for the next day  
     Did in their bosomes play,  
 As where to lead their sheep, what silent nook,  
     What springs or shades to look,  
 But that was all ; And now with gladsome care  
     They for the town prepare,  
 They leave their flock, and in a busie talk  
     All towards *Bethlem* walk  
 To see their souls great shepherd, who was come  
     To bring all straglers home,  
 Where now they find him out, and taught before  
     That Lamb of God adore,  
 That Lamb whose daies great Kings and Prophets wish'd  
     And long'd to see, but mis'd.  
 The first light they beheld was bright and gay  
     And turn'd their night to day,  
 But to this later light they saw in him,  
     Their day was dark, and dim.

Miserie.

## Misery.

**L**ord, bind me up, and let me lye  
 A Pris'ner to my libertie,  
 If such a state at all can be  
 As an Impris'ment serving thee ;  
 The wind, though gather'd in thy fist,  
 Yet doth it blow stil where it list,  
 And yet shouldst thou let go thy hold  
 Those gusts might quarrel and grow bold.  
 As waters here, headlong and loose  
 The lower grounds stil chase, and choose,  
 Where spreading all the way they seek  
 And search out ev'ry hole, and Creek ;  
 So my spilt thoughts winding from thee  
 Take the down-rod to vanitie ,  
 Where they all stray and strive, which shal  
 Find out the first and steepest fal ,  
 I cheer their flow, giving supply  
 To what's already grown too high,  
 And having thus perform'd that part  
 Feed on those vomits of my heart.  
 I break the fence my own hands made  
 Then lay that trespassse in the shade,  
 Some fig-leafs stil I do devise  
 As if thou hadst nor ears, nor Eyes.  
 Excesse of friends, of words, and wine  
 Take up my day, while thou dost shine  
 All unregarded, and thy book  
 Hath not so much as one poor look.  
 If thou steal in amidst the mirth  
 And kindly tel me, *I am Earth,*  
 I shur thee out, and let that slip,  
 Such Musick spoils good fellowship.

G 2

Thus

Thus wretched I, and most unkind,  
 Exclude my dear God from my mind,  
 Exclude him thence, who of that Cel  
 Would make a Court, should he there dwell.  
 He goes, he yields; And troubled fore  
 His holy spirit grieves therefore,  
 The mighty God, th' eternal King  
 Doth grieve for Dust, and Dust doth sing.  
 But I go on, haste to Devest  
 My self of reason, till opprest  
 And buried in my surfeits I  
 Prove my own shame and miserie.  
 Next day I call and cry for thee  
 Who shouldst not then come neer to me,  
 But now it is thy servants pleasure  
 Thou must (and dost) give him his measure.  
 Thou dost, thou com'st, and in a showr  
 Of healing sweets thy self dost powr  
 Into my wounds, and now thy grace  
 ( I know it wel,) fills all the place;  
 I sit with thee by this new light,  
 And for that hour th'art my delight,  
 No man can more the world despise  
 Or thy great mercies better prize.  
 I School my Eys, and strictly dwell  
 Within the Circle of my Cel  
 That Calm and silence are my Joys  
 Which to thy peace are but meer noise.  
 At length I feel my head to ake,  
 My fingers Itch, and burn to take  
 Some new Imployment, I begin  
 To swel and fume and fret within.

- “ *The Age, the present times are not*  
 “ *To snudge in, and embrace a Cot,*  
 “ *Action and bloud now get the game,*  
 “ *Disdain treads on the peacefut name,*

*“ who sits at home too bears a load  
“ Greater than those that gad abroad.*

Thus do I make thy gifts giv'n me  
The only quarrellers with thee,  
I'd loose those knots thy hands did tie,  
Then would go travel, fight or die.  
Thousands of wild and waste Infusions  
Like waves beat on my resolutions,  
As flames about their fuel run  
And work, and wind til all be done,  
So my fierce soul buffles about  
And never rests til all be out.  
Thus wilded by a peevish heart  
Which in thy musick bears no part  
I storm at thee, calling my peace  
A Lethargy, and meer disease,  
Nay, those bright beams shot from thy eyes  
To calm me in these mutinies  
I stile meer tempers, which take place  
At some set times, but are thy grace.

Such is mans life, and such is mine  
The worst of men, and yet stil thine,  
Stil thine thou know'st, and if not so  
Then give me over to my foe.  
Yet since as easie 'tis for thee  
To make man good, as bid him be,  
And with one glaunce (could he that gain, )  
To look him out of all his pain,  
O send me from thy holy hil  
So much of strength, as may fulfil  
All thy delight (what e'r they be)  
And sacred Institutes in me;  
Open my rockie heart, and fil  
It with obedience to thy wil,  
Then seal it up, that as none see,  
So none may enter there but thee.

O hear my God ! hear him, whose blood  
 Speaks more and better for my good !  
 O let my Crie come to thy throne !  
 My crie not pour'd with tears alone,  
 (For tears alone are often foul)  
 But with the blood of all my soul,  
 With spirit-sighs, and earnest grones,  
 Faithful and most repenting mones,  
 With these I crie, and crying pine  
 Till thou both mend and make me thine.

---

### The Sap.

Come sapless Blossom, creep not stil on Earth  
 Forgetting thy first birth ;  
 'Tis not from dust, or if so, why dost thou  
 Thus cal and thirst for dew ?  
 It tends not thither, if it doth, why then  
 This growth and stretch for heav'n ?  
 Thy root sucks but diseases, worms there feat  
 And claim it for their meat.  
 Who plac'd thee here, did something then Infuse  
 Which now can tel thee news.  
 There is beyond the Stars an hil of myrrh  
 From which some drops fal here,  
 On it the Prince of *Salem* sits, who deals  
 To thee thy secret meals,  
 There is thy Country, and he is the way  
 And hath withal the key.  
 Yet liv'd he here sometimes, and bore for thee  
 A world of miserie,  
 For thee, who in the first mans loyns didst fal  
 From that hil to this vale,

And

And had not he so done, it is most true  
Two deaths had bin thy due ;  
But going hence, and knowing wel what woes  
Might his friends discompose,  
To shew what strange love he had to our good  
He gave his sacred bloud  
By wil our sap, and Cordial ; now in this  
Lies such a heav'n of blifs,  
That, who but truly tastes it, no decay  
Can touch him any way,  
Such secret life, and vertue in it lies  
It wil exalt and rise  
And aq̄uate such spirits as are shed  
Or ready to be dead,  
And bring new too. Get then this sap, and get  
Good store of it, but let  
The vessel where you put it be for sure  
To all your pow'r most pure ;  
There is at all times (though shut up) in you  
A powerful, rare dew,  
Which only grief and love extract ; with this  
Be sure, and never miss,  
To wash your vessel wel : Then humbly take  
This balm for souls that ake,  
And one who drank it thus, assures that you  
Shal find a Joy so true,  
Such perfect Ease, and such a lively sense  
Of grace against all sins,  
That you'l Confess the Comfort such, as even  
Brings to, and comes from Heaven.

## Mount of Olives.

WHEN first I saw true beauty, and thy Joys  
 Active as light, and calm without all noise  
 Shin'd on my soul, I felt through all my powr's  
 Such a rich air of sweets, as Evening shows  
 Fand by a gentle gale Convey and breath  
 On some parch'd bank, crown'd with a flowrie wreath;  
 Odors, and Myrrh, and balm in one rich foud  
 O'r-ran my heart, and spirited my bloud,  
 My thoughts did swim in Comforts, and mine eie  
 Confest, *The world did only paint and he.*  
 And where before I did no safe Course steer  
 But wander'd under tempests all the year,  
 Went bleak and bare in body as in mind,  
 And was blow'n through by ev'ry storm and wind,  
 I am so warm'd now by this glance on me,  
 That, midst all storms I feel a Ray of thee;  
 So have I known some beauteous *Paisage* rise  
 In suddain flowres and arbours to my Eies,  
 And in the depth and deac of winter bring  
 To my Cold thoughts a lively sense of spring.

Thus fed by thee, who nost all beings nourish,  
 My wither'd leafs again look green and flourish,  
 I shine and shelter underneath thy wing  
 Where sick with love I strive thy name to sing,  
 Thy glorious name ! which grant I may so do  
 That these may be thy *Praise*, and my *Joy* too.

Man

## Man.

WEighing the stedfastness and state  
 Of some mean things which here below reside,  
 Where birds like watchful Clocks the noiseless date  
 And Intercourse of times divide,  
 Where Bees at night get home and hive, and flowrt  
 Early, aswel as late,  
 Rise with the Sun, and set in the same bowrs ;

2.

I would ( said I ) my God would give  
 The staidness of these things to man ! for these  
 To his divine appointments ever cleave,  
 And no new business breaks their peace ;  
 The birds nor sow, nor reap, yet sup and dine,  
 The flowres without clothes live,  
 Yet *Solomon* was never drest so fine.

3.

Man hath stil either toyes, or Care,  
 He hath no root, nor to one place is ty'd,  
 But ever restless and Irregular  
 About this Earth doth run and ride,  
 He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where,  
 He sayes it is so far  
 That he hath quite forgot heighr go there.

4 He

4.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,  
 Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have  
 Which in the darkeſt nights point to their homes,  
     By ſome hid ſenſe their Maker gave ;  
 Man is the ſhuttle, to whoſe winding queſt  
     And paſſage through theſe looms  
 God order'd motion, but ordain'd no reſt.

---

¶

I Walkt the other day (to ſpend my hour,)  
     Into a field  
 Where I ſometimes had ſeen the ſoil to yield  
     A gallant flowre,  
 But Winter now had ruffled all the bowre  
     And curious ſtore  
 I knew there heretofore.

2.

Yet I whoſe ſearch lov'd not to peep and peer  
     I'th' face of things  
 Thought with my ſelf, there might be other ſprings  
     Beſides this here  
 Which, like cold friends, ſees us but once a year,  
     And ſo the flowre  
 Might have ſome other bowre.

3 Then

## 3.

Then taking up what I could neereſt ſpic  
 I digg'd about  
 That place where I had ſeen him to grow out,  
 And by and by  
 I ſaw the warm Recluſe alone to lie  
 Where freſh and green  
 He lived of us unſeen.

## 4.

Many a queſtion Intricate and rare  
 Did I there ſtrow,  
 But all I could extort was, that he now  
 Did there repair  
 Such loſſes as beſel him in this air  
 And would e'r long  
 Come forth moſt fair and young.

## 5.

This paſt, I threw the Clothes quite o'r his head,  
 And ſtung with fear  
 Of my own frailty dropt down many a tear  
 upon his bed,  
 Then ſighing whiſper'd, *Happy are the dead!*  
*What peace doth now*  
*Rock him aſleep below?*

And

## 6.

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs  
 From a poor root  
 Which all the Winter sleeps here under foot  
 And hath no wings  
 To raise it to the truth and light of things,  
 But is stil trod  
 By ev'ry wandring clod.

## 7.

O thou ! whose spirit did at first inflame  
 And warm the dead,  
 And by a sacred Incubation fed  
 With life this frame  
 Which once had neither being, forme, nor name,  
 Grant I may so  
 Thy steps track here below,

## 8.

That in these Masques and shadows I may see  
 Thy sacred way,  
 And by those hid ascents climb to that day  
 Which breaks from thee  
 Who art in all things, though invisibly ;  
 Shew me thy peace,  
 Thy mercy, love, and ease,

9. And

## 9.

And from this Care, where dreams and sorrows reign  
 Lead me above  
 Where Light, Joy, Leisure, and true Comforts move  
 Without all pain,  
 There, hid in thee, shew me his life again  
 At whose dumbe urn  
 Thus all the year I mourn.

---

## Begging.

**K**ing of Mercy, King of Love,  
 In whom I live, in whom I move,  
 Perfect what thou hast begun,  
 Let no night put out this Sun ;  
 Grant I may, my chief desire !  
 Long for thee, to thee aspire,  
 Let my youth, my bloom of dayes  
 Be my Comfort, and thy praise,  
 That hereafter, when I look  
 O'r the sullyed, sinful book,  
 I may find thy hand therein  
 Wiping out my shame, and sin.  
 O it is thy only Art  
 To reduce a stubborn heart,  
 And since thine is victorie,  
 Strong holds should belong to thee ;

Lord

Lord then take it, leave it not  
Unto my dispose or lot,  
But since I would not have it mine,  
O my God, let it be thine !

---

Jude ver. 24, 25.

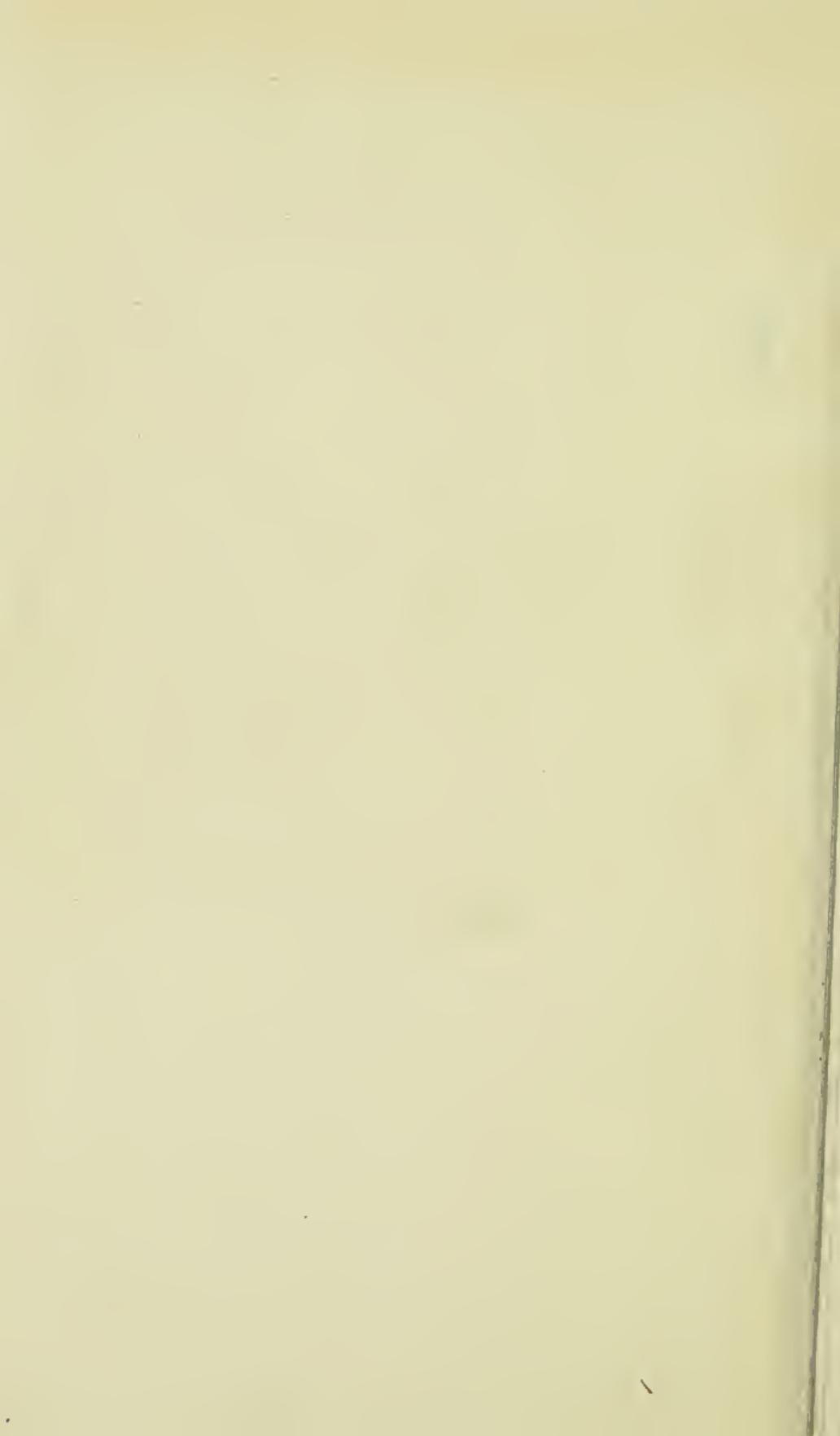
*Now unto him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy,  
To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory, and majesty,  
Dominion and power, now and ever, Amen.*

---

FINIS.

---





PR  
3742  
S4  
1885

Vaughan, Henry  
Silex scintillans

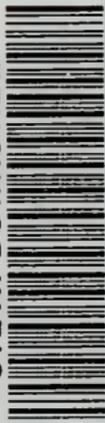
PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW



D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C  
39 12 14 06 02 015 5